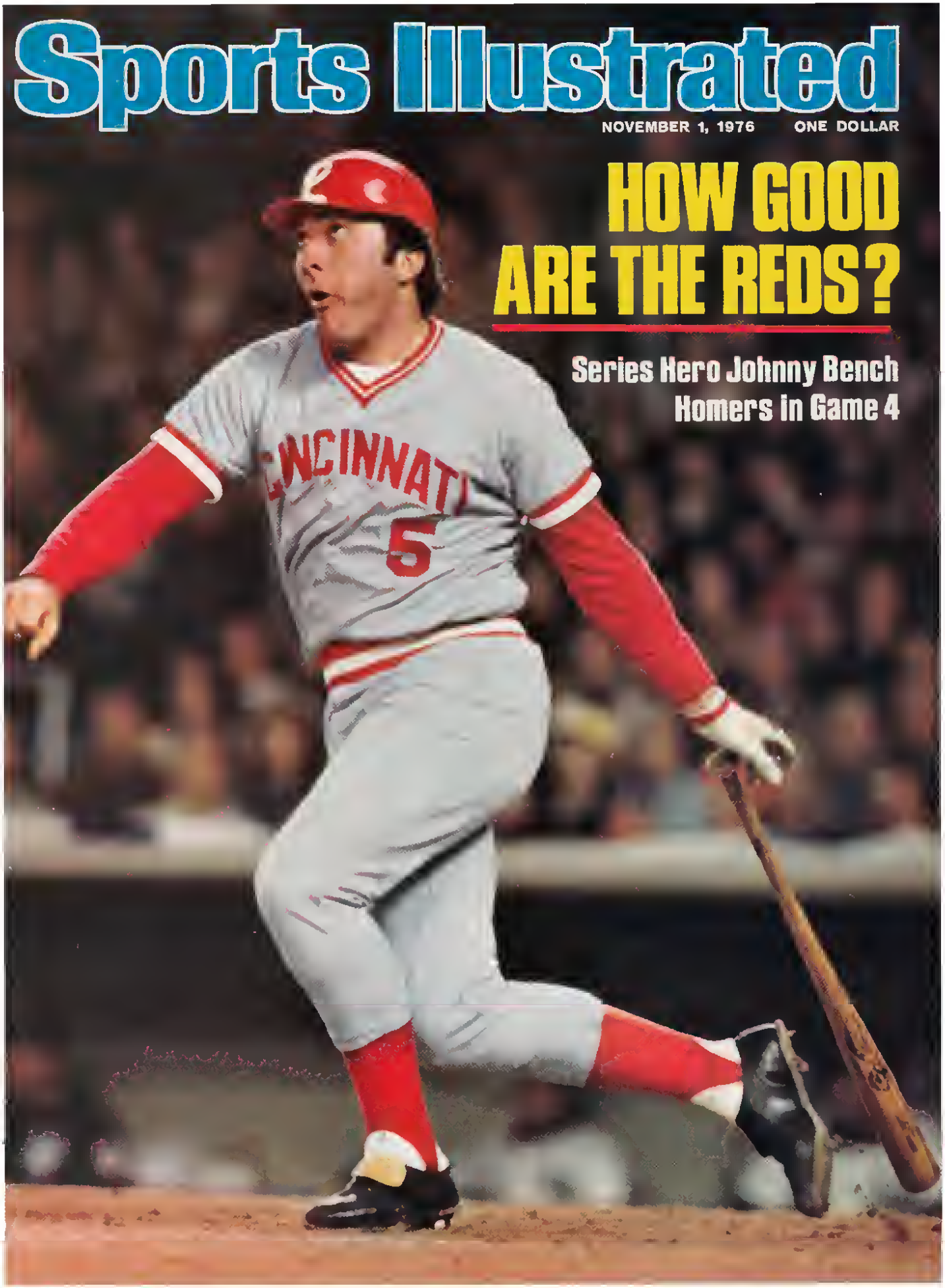
Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 1, 1976 ONE DOLLAR



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FILTER 11 mg "tar" 0.7 mg nicotine, MENTHOL 11 mg "tar" 0.8 mg nicotine, av per cigarette FTC Report APR '76

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WHAT DO the names Staubach, Anderson, Bradshaw, Harris, Tarkenton, Stabler and Bartkowski have in common? Right They all belong to NFL quarterbacks who have been injured this fall By Robert F Jones

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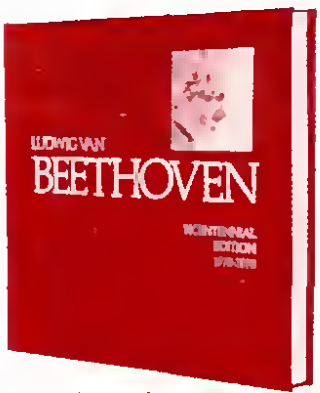

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Footloose

by PAUL WITTEMAN

OUT OF AN ELEVATOR IN NEW YORK AND ONTO THE FIRST TEE AT PEBBLE BEACH

Pebble Beach and Firestone are but two of the golf courses that fill the dreams of duffers. But who can afford them? If you want to take a crack at Pebble, round-trip airfare from New York to the Coast runs $400. You have to hire a limousine to get down to the Monterey Peninsula in style. Then there are the hotels, meals, greens fees and the odd Nassau or two. I figure it comes to a minimum of $1,000. Probably more, counting the new irons, that nifty pink alpaca sweater *and the matching alligator bag on sale at the* pro shop.

But wait. A guy named Sam Anziano has promised me a deal. Don't worry about flight reservations, forget the new equipment, he tells me. Come to his place on 54th Street and bring a friend. He can arrange everything. The courses are in superb shape, he says, and getting a starting time is absolutely no problem at all. Really.

My friend is skeptical. Who is this Sam guy, he asks. No doubt a shady travel agent who wants to sell us plane tickets to San Francisco by way of the Aleutian Islands. A subway token, I say. What else can you lose? You spring for the subway, he tells me.

One Saturday morning just before nine, we slip up to Sam's place. It's off Second Avenue, *a nondescript red-brick building next* to Jimmy Byrne's bar. The sign in the lobby says we can find Sam on the fourth floor. We step into the elevator and the door shuts. Six seconds later it opens—on a dark green carpet of AstroTurf. We have arrived at Pebble Beach—sort of.

Sam, as it turns out, is on the level. He is the pro at the East 54th Street Golf Club, a computerized layout of four championship golf courses. For $10 an hour we can tee it up at Pebble or Thunderbird in Palm Springs or hack away at Firestone in Akron or Waialae Country Club on Oahu in Hawaii. Put up an additional $10 per half hour, Sam tells us, and he can straighten out our slices on the course of our choice.

The courses, if you can call them that, are *the creation of Austrian-born engineer Rich*ard Speiser, who hasn't had time to play the real game. He has spent the last 14 years tinkering with his contraption and he has run through six prototypes in the process. The PGA is so impressed with the latest model that it is endorsing it as an instructional aid. That's good news to Speiser, who is now realizing ambitious plans to market the machines through his company, Golf-O-Tron Inc. of New York. He says the machines (which cost $18,000 to $25,000) will soon be in operation in Chicago and Toronto, at *Southern Illinois University and in other col*lege phys ed departments.

Playing Speiser-style is a piece of cake. You stand on an elevated tee and fire away at a 10-by-10-foot nylon screen on which color slides of the course are projected. A computer behind the screen figures the distance and direction of the ball by measuring its velocity and tells you how much farther you have to go to reach the pin. The setup, says Speiser, is accurate to a yard.

What adds to the realism is the image of a ball that appears on the screen after the real ball is hit. The image recedes down the fairway, getting smaller and smaller until it comes to rest—say under a palm tree. Click, click goes the slide machine. Suddenly you're looking at the green from a position at the base *of the tree—approximately.*

Pebble Beach is our choice. We step on the tee, and Sam pushes a button on the console behind us. The first hole appears, a 385-yard par-four with a slight dogleg to the right. Watch out, Ben Crenshaw, I'm thinking in the middle of my backswing. Thonk. The ball veers crazily off into a net next to the screen. In the upper right-hand corner a message appears in red. O.B., it says. Out of Bounds. My friend snickers into his coffee cup.

I take a Mulligan, of course, and blast it—46 yards. Six flubs later the computer relents, telling me I have finally reached the green. The closeup slide of the green fades from the screen, and the lights over an AstroTurf putting surface automatically come on. I'm four yards from the pin, says the computer, so I *spot my ball next to a card displaying that po*sition and aim at the cup that is set into the floor. I'm down in two. "Nine," yells my friend, loud enough for the foursome on the 5th fairway at Oahu to hear.

We've made it to the 3rd when Sam graciously sends out to the local deli for refreshments. Sam's brother Jimmy, the greenskeeper, gives me a doughnut as I'm pondering my lie in a bunker. I card another nine and start thinking seriously of cold beer. "It's a little early for that, isn't it?" asks Jimmy. My expression tells him it is, in fact, a little late. Ten minutes later Jimmy catches us on the 6th fairway with a shopping bag full of beer. It is 11 a.m.

Things, as you can imagine, get worse. We get bumped off Pebble by a couple of guys *from the Bronx wearing rubber boots, and* Sam switches us to the back nine at Thunderbird. Through six holes I'm shooting 40, and my friend is up by four strokes. Sam recommends lessons, my friend recommends tennis. I've got something better in mind. Home to some boilermakers and the telephone. Got to give Bing Crosby a telephone call. It was, I'll tell him, the next best thing to being there myself. **END**

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In the lingo of publishing, free-lancer Ron Rau "came over the transom." His first SPORTS ILLUSTRATED article, about stalking an Arctic shrew (Nov. 18, 1974), came to us as one of the thousands of unsolicited manuscripts we receive each year. We read it, liked it and published it. Since then, three other Rau stories have appeared in SI, including *Black Water, Red Death*, the article about Eskimo whale hunting that begins on page 74 of this issue. Still we do not know what he looks like.

We asked for Rau's most recent stories, but forgot to ask for his picture. Last week we assigned a photographer to shoot him at the Fairbanks, Alaska address where we send his checks, but there was no one at home. We assume that Rau was off working as a laborer on the Alaska pipeline; in the past, he has used pipeline paychecks to "buy a lot of writing time."

This was not our first miss at getting a good look at Rau. Submitting a piece about working as a jackhammer operator building cesspools in Hawaii (no sale on that one), he enclosed a photo of himself. Unfortunately, he was garbed from head to toe in baggy sewerman's coveralls, and only his ears were visible behind his face mask. The photographs of his whaling trip, from which artist Edward Kasper drew the illustrations for this week's story, were equally inconclusive. There Rau stood, as indistinguishable in Arctic attire as in his sewer suit.

Although the 33-year-old Rau has allowed us only the merest glimpse of himself, he has told us plenty about himself in rambling letters to our editors. He is a native of Flint, Mich., and he played on the same high school baseball team as San Diego's Merv Rettenmund. He attended Flint Junior College, batting .600 one season.

Baseball gave way to slow-pitch softball when Rau signed a contract with the Wein Alaska Airlines team in 1971. Wein won the state championship and received a trophy that Rau mounted on the hood of his '66 Chevy pickup truck. Eventually it was replaced by a bowling trophy with an inscription that read: BEAT THE CHAMP. "It almost ended my career as a person," Rau says. The trophy was directly responsible for Rau getting the tar kicked out of him in Butte, Mont. "by a team of wandering cowboys who took the words on the plaque literally."

One of Rau's friends describes him as "a hobo with a stolen shotgun," and the 49th state is an ideal place for such a modern-day roustabout. He travels the outlands seeking silver salmon, cutthroat trout and Canada geese. Last year he abandoned Alaska briefly to fulfill an old desire by joining a group of Midwestern hunters on opening day of the pheasant season, an experience that was to become an SI article. "Here you are," he said as he submitted *Flushed with Success* (Oct. 20, 1975), "the story of a Kansas pheasant hunt without a mention of Alf Landon."

Although Rau enjoys roughing it, he is not insensitive, and he was upset by the critical mail his shrew story generated. "It seems nobody outside of Alaska realizes that a shrew is a house pest," he says. At his request, a list of offended readers' addresses was forwarded to him so he could write personal responses.

Last September, Senior Editor Bob Brown decided that we should have a story on Eskimo whale hunting, and he asked Rau to do it. The writer remembered the time four years before when he toiled on a Prudhoe Bay construction gang with an Eskimo named Joe Towksejea. Towksejea had invited him to Point Hope, one of the areas where the annual whale hunt is held, "to mess around." Rau interpreted that as an invitation to go whaling. "A guy could get hurt out there," he wrote to us. "Are you trying to tell me I'm expendable?" Not so. Take care, Rau, wherever you are.

Jack Meyers

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

PETE'S SAKE

For a long time it was accepted as gospel that pro football owed most of its prosperity to Pete Rozelle, usually described as the best commissioner in professional sport. Rozelle's remarkable skill at promoting the National Football League and negotiating its lucrative TV contracts were taken for granted. But judging from comments dropped by disgruntled owners, notably Carroll Rosenbloom of the Los Angeles Rams, the bloom, so to speak, is off the Rozelle. Since Rosenbloom blames Rozelle for everything from bad coffee in the press box to World War III, some of his fulminating can be discounted, but he and other owners, worried by the vast increases in salaries and operating expenses, have been muttering about what they think of as Rozelle's extravagances (three public-relations directors, for example) in running the league office. They are disturbed, too, by the proliferation of costly and generally unsuccessful lawsuits. "We sued a state the other day," Rosenbloom growled, referring to Rozelle's attempt to get Delaware to stop using NFL game results in its complicated new state lottery. "Next, we'll sue the United States, and then, I suppose, we'll go over and sue Russia."

Some particularly acerb comments from Rosenbloom came shortly before the league owners met in New York City last week, giving rise to rumors that he was hoping to have Rozelle deposed. The Los Angeles owner, who did not even attend the meeting, categorically denied that report, but the fact that such rumors were taken seriously, instead of being scoffed at, indicates that Rozelle's leadership is no longer unquestioned.

LOOK WHO'S COMING

When word spread through the posh horse country of northern Virginia that Muhammad Ali was thinking of buying a home there, a weekly newspaper, *The Fauquier Democrat*, ran a front-page story on local reaction to the prospect of welcoming the flamboyant heavyweight champion as a neighbor. There were some chuckles, said the paper, some nods of approval, some shaking of heads. One real-estate agent wanted to know how to get in touch with Ali. Someone else wanted to invite him to a community dinner. Because Ali was raised in Louisville, there was speculation that he might be planning to breed or race thoroughbred horses.

The only comment that was even slightly adverse came from a local citizen who once lived near Ali when the champion had a home in Cherry Hill, N.J. "He was a quiet, non-publicity-seeking neighbor," this one said, "and he was an asset to the community. But he did get quite a few speeding tickets."

REFUGEE CAMPS

During the World Football League's short life, extravagant claims were made for the abilities of a few WFL teams ("They're on a par with some NFL teams right now") and there were equally extravagant put-downs ("There aren't half a dozen men in that league who could even make an NFL squad"). When the WFL died a year ago a large pool of professional talent—about 400 players in all—became available. Right now, 59 of them, or about 15%, a majority of whom had little or no previous NFL experience, are active on NFL rosters, with about a third starting, figures that appear to refute both earlier opinions.

Of the 28 teams in the NFL, only the Pittsburgh Steelers, the Cincinnati Bengals and the New York Jets have no WFL players at all. Surprisingly, the brand-new Tampa Bay Buccaneers and Seattle Seahawks have only three between them. But the vastly improved Chicago Bears have eight (one more is on injured reserve), four of whom start. The Bears apparently have benefited because Coach Jack Pardee, himself a refugee from the WFL, knew the right players to go after. On the other hand, the Washington Redskins, with six WFLers, none of whom are starting, seem no better or worse than last year. And the New York Giants, who have seven, two of them starters (including Larry Csonka), are off to their worst start in history. All but one of the Giant group came from the much-praised Memphis Southmen, the WFL team that wanted to come into the NFL.

QUESTIONABLE BEHAVIOR

Tennis' carefully nurtured image as the sport of bad-tempered superstars, incompetent officials, profanity, obscene gestures and on-court tantrums was badly damaged early in October when Italy defeated Australia 3–2 in Rome to gain the Davis Cup final round. The matches were lively and the volatile Italian crowd was excited, which meant that a lot of bad feeling could have been generated if people only had tried. But, according to *International Tennis Weekly*, the paper of the Association of Tennis Professionals, everything went off "in the best spirit—wild and loud and fervent, certainly, but never crossing the line that divides hap-

py hysteria from bad sportsmanship and poor taste."

The officiating was competent and controlled, and the players on both teams behaved with what the tennis weekly called "tolerance and sophistication." Differences of opinion on contested calls, for example, aroused no arguments or dramatic displays of pique. Probably the most impressive moment came late in the

continued

MORE MUST BE DONE TO REMOVE THE FEAR OF WHAT IT COSTS TO BE SICK.

THERE IS A HEALTH CARE CRISIS IN AMERICA

Medical costs are rising every day. Americans spent $547 per capita last year for health care, a rise of 13% in twelve months. In 1965, the average hospital stay cost $347. This year, the cost has risen to $1,100. In the next four years, expenditures in this country for health care could increase by a staggering 100 billion dollars. The private life and health insurance companies of America believe that something must be done now to relieve this awesome and increasing burden, to make sure that all Americans can receive the health care they need, when they need it, at a cost each can afford.

WHAT WE'VE DONE

The cost of health care for the American public is not a new issue. In our business, we have worked for years to remove the fear of the terrible cost of serious illness. Health coverage has improved enormously in recent years. 175,000,000 people in this country have some form of private health insurance. Over 149,000,000 are insured for catastrophic illness, in many cases with benefits as high as $250,000 or more. The figures show that the private health insurance system in America works, and works hard.

The numbers are impressive and growing. But in the face of runaway medical costs, we don't think numbers are enough. A way must be found to control the cost of health care in an age when equipment and manpower are more expensive every day.

WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW

- We actively support programs designed to restrain medical costs and improve the quality of health care.
- We support the expansion of professional standards review boards, to monitor the necessity for treatment and quality of care, not only for Medicare and Medicaid patients, but for everybody.
- We support programs which would require hospitals to justify their rates and charges year by year, to keep costs as low as possible, without damaging the quality of care.
- We support strong health planning for every community, to provide care without unnecessary duplication of services.
- We support the development of innovative health care delivery systems including the expansion of out-patient care centers, to provide a less costly alternative to hospitalization, with a strong emphasis on preventive medicine.
- We support community health education, to help people learn how to lead healthy lives, and to encourage them to seek early diagnosis and to follow doctors' instructions.

WHAT MUST BE DONE IN THE FUTURE

The private insurance business, the hospital and medical professions, and government must begin together to do what no one sector could do alone—assure quality health care for everyone while at the same time doing everything possible to combat rising costs.

All this can be done. It can be done without enormous cost to taxpayers, by dividing the burden between the government and the private sectors. The private sector would offer the widest range of health care and coverage at the lowest possible cost. Government would set guidelines for the whole health care system, and continue to assume responsibility for the health care costs of the poor and aged. Thus, we can create a system which will adequately care for each American, while preserving the freedom of choice and dignity of each human being.

THERE IS A LOT OF WORK TO DO

By working together, we can make certain that each American will have available the treatment the health care system in this country has made possible, and the individual, personal service we in the health insurance business have worked so long to provide. In the private sector we have learned one thing—health care is not numbers. Health care is people, and all of us must be cared for as people, as individuals, each with different needs.

America is a rich and decent country. The 1,000,000 people in the private life and health insurance business believe that the time has come when every American can and must be saved from the fear of what it costs to be sick.

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final match, a stirring four-set victory for Italy's Adriano Panatta over Australia's aging hero, John Newcombe, when at one point the crowd, strongly pro-Italian, began a spontaneous chant of "Newcombe, New-combe" in salute to the Australian.

This sort of thing can only give the sport a bad name.

UP DOWN UNDER

Australia may be in the doldrums in international tennis, but in big-time golf it is moving up fast. Kerry Packer, 38-year-old son of the late Sir Frank Packer (best known in the U.S. for spending great sums of money to build the yachts *Gretel* and *Gretel II* in his unsuccessful attempts to win the America's Cup), has taken over promotion of the Australian Open, which is being played this week in Sydney.

"Our aim and ambition," says Packer, "is to make the Australian Open the fifth-best tournament in the world, behind only the U.S. and British Opens, the Masters and the American PGA. Jack Nicklaus told me, 'If you'll really have a go and make it into a world-class tournament, then I'll help you. I'll come.' "

Packer imported an American expert to toughen up the venerable Australian Club course, site of this week's competition, as well as to direct the tournament, and he raised the purse from $40,000 to an eye-opening $200,000. "If you want the top players," he explains, "you have to put up the money."

True to his word—and his abiding affection for collecting championships and gobs of money—Nicklaus flew to Australia. Naturally, he was favored to win, but the Aussies aren't doing too bad in the competitive side of golf, either. Their best shotmakers, Graham Marsh and David Graham, have won eight tournaments between them this year and about $400,000 in prize money.

Still, it doesn't really matter who takes the title. The revitalized Open is a victory for Australia.

DAYVILLE DLD

Exceptional winning streaks by teams at relatively obscure high schools or colleges are not uncommon, but even so we feel an obligation to report that the girls' volleyball team at Dayville High School in eastern Oregon ran off a string of 65 victories before losing a week or so ago. What makes this streak so appealing is that Dayville High has only 29 students, 11 of whom are boys. Of the 18 girls, 16 are on the volleyball squad and a 17th keeps score.

Although Dayville is one of the smallest Class B high schools in the state, it has won the Class A volleyball championship the past two years. Part of its success must be due to its unbridled optimism. The letter that brought word of the winning streak said that after the defeat, "The team rebounded and has a winning streak of one."

WORLD SERIES SHARES

Although the polls say the Presidential election is a toss-up, seers studying baseball auguries say that the Cincinnati Reds' victory in the World Series has to bring joy to the Carter camp. For more than half a century, with only three exceptions, when a National League team won the World Series in an election year, the Democratic candidate won the Presidency, when the American League won, so did the Republicans. Here's the electoral rundown.

Year	*Series*	*Election*	*Holds True*
1920	A.L.	Republican	Yes
1924	A.L.	Republican	Yes
1928	A.L.	Republican	Yes
1932	A.L.	Democrat	No
1936	A.L.	Democrat	No
1940	N.L.	Democrat	Yes
1944	N.L.	Democrat	Yes
1948	A.L.	Democrat	No
1952	A.L.	Republican	Yes
1956	A.L.	Republican	Yes
1960	N.L.	Democrat	Yes
1964	N.L.	Democrat	Yes
1968	A.L.	Republican	Yes
1972	A.L.	Republican	Yes

AND HERE'S THE DNUS

The Topeka, Kans. zoo has two new gnus. Their names are Sports and Weather.

DON AND BUM

Pro football is risky enough on the field, yet the Houston Oilers, already beset by injuries, almost lost both their quarterback and their coach in non-football accidents that occurred only hours apart last week. Dan Pastorini racked up his camper at 3:45 a.m. when he veered off the road and crashed into a clump of trees. And Bum Phillips' 60-foot-high steel observation tower toppled over only moments after he had climbed down from it during an Oiler practice session. Pastorini suffered cuts and a concussion and stayed overnight in a hospital, but Phillips came away from his disaster undamaged, except for his nerves. "When the damn thing fell," he shuddered, "I hadn't walked 10 steps away."

Pastorini, a free spirit who races power boats and who managed to break a foot playing tennis last summer, cheerfully recounted his bad luck. "It was a little scary," he said, "especially when my engine came up and joined me in the front seat. Let's see, since I've been with the Oilers I've had one car stolen, one wrecked by a buddy of mine, one run into by a lady who ran a stop sign—and now this."

Because of the late hour and implications that Pastorini had not been exercising the kind of sound, clear-thinking judgment one expects from a star quarterback, Phillips was asked if he would take disciplinary action against the player.

"What a guy does in his own time is his business," said Phillips, something of a free spirit in his own right. "I'm interested in his health, not his habits. If he feels like it's my business to know what he was doing at the time, he'll tell me. I'm not gonna ask."

THEY SAID IT

- Pete Maravich of the New Orleans Jazz, hearing that Julius Erving had been signed by the Philadelphia 76ers in a $6.5 million deal: "Some sheik must own that team."
- Jim Palmer, Baltimore Oriole pitcher, recalling the way Chris Chambliss fought off New York fans after his pennant-winning homer against Kansas City: "I figured the Jets and Giants might be after him, seeing he's the only guy in New York to break a tackle all year."
- Hugh Campbell, football coach at Whitworth College in Spokane, Wash., after his team had defeated Whitman 70–30: "It wasn't as easy as you think. It's hard to stay awake that long."
- Lee Corso, Indiana football coach, asked if Michigan had any weaknesses: "They sure have a lot of turnovers. Every time you look around, they're kicking off."
- John Hall, *Los Angeles Times* sports columnist, objecting to college football at night: "The colleges would do better to get rid of the nights and return to Saturday afternoon football the way God and Grantland Rice created it." END

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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 1, 1976

AH, HOW GREAT IT IS

Great enough to be in superselect company, this Cincinnati team. Led by 533 batter Johnny Bench, it crushed the Yanks

by Ron Fimrite

The Reds had won the 1976 World Series only minutes earlier, vanquishing New York in the chill of an October evening as if the Yankees were no more of a challenge to their supremacy than a sandlot team from the Bronx. Sparky Anderson, the affable Cincinnati manager, smiled triumphantly before television lights that made a crown of his silver hair and stars of his damp eyes.

It was time for Anderson to explain how he had come to be such a genius. But he is a skilled practitioner of false modesty who forever downplays his contributions to his team's achievements. The Yankees did not win a game in this Series, so Sparky's strategy certainly did not get in the way; still he preferred to emphasize his occasional mistakes, to apologize for his abysmal ignorance, to construct an image of himself as the father, proud yet confused, of a gifted child.

His function, as he saw it during the media confrontations that abounded at the Series, was to act as press agent for his team. After the Reds had won the third Series game by a score of 6–2, he had ventured the opinion that the Big Red Machine "might be one of the great teams of all time." Now, following the fourth win, in which the Reds buried the Yanks 7–2 with four runs in the ninth inning, he was asked if he suspected that his ambitious claim was justified

"I wanted a chance for this club to be rated," he told the newsmen. "Now it's up to you to do that."

Actually, the rating game was already being played. It began as a rainy-day diversion when the fourth game had been postponed. Everyone from Joe DiMaggio to Joe Garagiola had been asked to compare the Reds with memorable teams of the past. Invariably, the experts backed away from the question, fearful of being dismissed as fogeys or denounced as traitors to their own generations. It was impossible, they usually protested, to compare teams of different eras.

That's true—to a point. A team should be measured by what it accomplishes in its own time The 1976 Reds will never play the 1927 Yankees, but they sure knocked the starch out of the 1976 Yankees. Cincinnati swept New York by winning Games 3 and 4 in the House That Ruth Built—and others remodeled—and in the process the Reds embarrassed the

continued

Reviving from a down season, McEnaney was up in the Series right through the very last out

The heroes collided when Munson, who hit .529, scored as the ball bounced past Bench in Game 4

WORLD SERIES *continued*

Yanks with their daring on the bases, exposed the arms of the New York outfielders as being no more fibrous than strands of pasta and used their belittled pitching staff to limit the Yankees to an average of two runs a game.

New York Catcher Thurman Munson, whose .529 Series average was the best ever for a player on a losing team, fought the good fight, but he was upstaged by his glamorous Cincinnati counterpart, Johnny Bench, who batted .533 and drove home five runs with two homers in the climactic fourth game. Munson was further undone when Anderson extolled the incomparable virtues of his own catcher while Munson stood silently by in the press interview room under the stands. "Don't embarrass anyone by comparing him with Johnny Bench," Anderson advised the newsmen. Munson, who felt he had been unfavorably compared, was deeply embarrassed nonetheless. And so were his teammates. Confronted then with the only Yankees available to them, the Reds had turned the Series into the First Battle of Bull Run.

And that only served to heighten speculation about just how good the Reds are. Now that the A's, world champions of 1972, '73 and '74, have been destroyed by their creator, the Reds are the glamour team of baseball. And because they have the same eight players in their lineup almost every day, it is all the easier to liken them to some of the famous combinations of history.

Not that anyone is prepared to compare the Reds' motley pitching staff with such stately rotations as Jim Palmer, Mike Cuellar, Dave McNally and Pat Dobson of the 1971 Orioles or Mike Garcia, Bob Lemon, Early Wynn and Bob Feller of the 1954 Indians. But the Reds' pitchers, whoever they are, won their Series; the Orioles and the Indians fell flat on their reputations in theirs. That says something for Anderson's share-the-labor philosophy, which holds that the complete game is no criterion for success. His starters hold off the opposition for as long as seems reasonable, then are succeeded by the rabble out there in the bullpen. Reds pitchers completed only 33 of 162 games this season, while the '54 Indians finished 77 of 154 and the '71 Orioles lasted through 71 of 158. Nonetheless, the Reds won 102 regular-season contests and, for their most extraordinary accomplishment, seven straight postseason games—three in the playoffs and four in the Series.

After a season like that, conglomerate pitching may become the wave of the future. Indeed, if Anderson is to be commended for managerial brilliance, it should be for his manipulation of his staff. A Reds starter, unless he is a healthy Don Gullett (and there are none of those), will not grow famous under Anderson's stewardship, but he will get rich in October. Captain Hook is not all bad.

So even pitching staffs can be compared. The old Indians might serve up a Lemon; the new Reds will toss a Billingham-Borbon-Eastwick salad. Baseball lends itself to such comparisons because it is not so much a game of inches as of decimal points. The numbers, the inevitable "stats," reveal certain truths. It is true that the conditions in which batting averages, slugging percentages and homer and RBI totals are accumulated will not always be comparable. Not everyone plays the game on grass anymore, and the stadiums are less idiosyncratic in conformation. Styles change. There have been long-ball and dead-ball eras, periods when base stealing was considered an essential offensive weapon and when it was thought suicidal. In one of those rainy-day interviews last week DiMaggio quoted Connie Mack (now there is a parlay for you) as saying that the game changes every 15 years. The prospect of someone beating out 37 infield hits, as the Reds' Ken Griffey did this year while playing most of his games on artificial surfaces, was unthinkable when DiMaggio and his fellow Bronx Bombers were reaching base through the simple expedient of hitting the ball against or over the fence.

It is also conceded that the modern player is bigger, faster and better conditioned than his predecessors. Logically, this should also make him better, but more than any other sport, baseball is a game of technique. A player must still swing a rounded bat at a round ball that is hurtling toward him on an erratic course. It is not easy to hit the damn thing, and extra size, speed and conditioning do not necessarily make for a better batter. While 210-pound Danny Fortmann could no longer play guard in the National Football League, as he did 40 years ago, someone of Joe Morgan's modest proportions can still win a Most Valuable Player Award in baseball.

So why not blunder willy-nilly into the time warp and venture a few comparisons? For purposes of violent argument, let us suppose that the 10 best Series-winning teams since 1920 have been the 1927 Yankees with their Murderers' Row; the 1929 Philadelphia Athletics of Jimmy Foxx, Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane and Lefty Grove; the 1932 Yankees of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Lefty Gomez and a cast of thousands; the 1936 Yanks of Gehrig, Bill Dickey and the kid, DiMaggio; the 1941 DiMaggio-led Bronx

Bombers; the 1942 Cardinals of Stan Musial and Enos Slaughter; the 1955 Dodgers of Duke Snider, Pee Wee Reese, Jackie Robinson, Roy Campanella, *et al*; the 1961 Yankees of Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle; the 1970 Orioles of the Robinsons, Frank and Brooks, and all those pitchers; and the you-pick-'em 1972, '73, '74 A's of you-know-who. All were world champions and all, save the Cardinals, who won 106 games and still only finished two ahead of the Dodgers, won pennants by comfortable margins. The Orioles and A's, of course, won their divisions, then the playoffs to achieve their pennants.

Some will cavil over the '55 Dodgers, contending that they were not the best of the Brooklyn teams of the early '50s. Remember, however, that this was the only Dodger club of that era to win the World Series. The Yankees won a record five Series in succession from 1949 through 1953 under Casey Stengel, but they were seen as if through a kaleidoscope, a succession of changing, short-lived images. It may be argued in the defense of these various Stengelian confections that many different players passed through Charlie Finley's swinging door in the A's recent world championship seasons, and so they did. But the body of the team—Reggie Jackson, Joe Rudi, Sal Bando, Gene Tenace, Bert Campaneris and the fine pitchers—remained intact. Stengel was a genius. His teams lacked the identity the others have.

All of the Top 10 shared the requisite attributes of greatness—good pitching, defense, team speed and hitting. They had strength up the middle at catcher, shortstop, second base and center field. Consider the Yankee team of 1936: Catcher Dickey, Shortstop Frank Crosetti, Second Baseman Tony Lazzeri, Centerfielder DiMaggio. Possibly more impressive were the 1941 Yanks of Dickey, Phil Rizzuto, Joe Gordon and DiMaggio. *That* is strength up the middle.

Along with the obvious criteria, these teams possessed more subtle virtues. They could intimidate their opponents. Recall the legend of the poor Pirates of 1927, watching in chilled disbelief as the lethal denizens of Murderers' Row powered batting practice pitches to the far reaches of Forbes Field. It is said the Pirates never regained their composure after this unsettling spectacle. They lost to the Yanks in four straight.

Few teams have been more intimidating than the Cardinals in the summer of '42. They won 43 of their last 51 games

continued

HOW THE REDS LINE UP

A comparison between Cincinnati's '76 batting order and those of three of the strongest world champions of other eras.

1927 YANKEES		1936 YANKEES		1955 DODGERS		1979 REDS	
Combs, cf	.356	Crosetti, ss	.288	Gilliam, 2b	.249	Rose, 3b	.323
Koenig, ss	.285	Rolfe, 3b	.319	Reese, ss	.282	Griffey, rf	.336
Ruth, rf	.356	DiMaggio, cf	.323	Snider, cf	.309	Morgan, 2b	.320
Gehrig, 1b	.373	Gehrig, 1b	.354	Campanella, c	.318	Foster, lf	.306
Meusel, lf	.337	Dickey, c	.362	Furillo, rf	.314	Perez, 1b	.260
Lazzeri, 2b	.309	Selkirk, rf	.308	Hodges, 1b	.289	Bench, c	.234
Dugan, 3b	.269	Powell, lf	.299	Robinson, 3b	.256	Geronimo, cf	.307
Collins, c	.275	Lazzeri, 2b	.267	Amoros, lf	.247	Concepcion, ss	.281
Hoyt, p	22–7	Ruffing, p	20–12	Newcombe, p	20–5	Gullett, p	11–3
Regular-season record: 110–44		Regular-season record: 102–51		Regular-season record: 98–55		Regular-season record: 102–60	
Won Series 4–0 over Pirates		Won Series 4–2 over Giants		Won Series 4–3 over Yankees		Won Series 4–0 over Yankees	

to overtake the Dodgers, then devastated the Yankees four games to one. The Series may have shifted to the Cards in the sixth and seventh innings of the third game when Centerfielder Terry Moore, Leftfielder Musial and Rightfielder Slaughter robbed New York of two homers and a double with a succession of circus catches. This amazing defensive display seemed to demoralize the Yankees, causing them to believe that everything they hit would somehow be caught.

Snuffing out an opponent's firepower with such plays is one measure of greatness; taking advantage of his mistakes is another. The Yankees set the precedent for this in the fourth game of the 1941 Series. With two out in the ninth inning, two strikes on New York's Tommy Henrich and the Dodgers leading 4–3, Pitcher Hugh Casey broke off a wicked curveball (possibly a spitter) that Henrich swung at and missed for the third strike which, apparently, ended the game. But the ball bounced away from Catcher Mickey Owen, and a reprieved Henrich raced safely to first. It was a fatal blunder. DiMaggio singled, Charlie Keller doubled, Dickey walked and Gordon doubled. The Bombers had four quick runs, the game and a 3–1 lead in the Series.

The surfacing of unsung heroes at critical moments is another characteristic of the exceptional team. Tenace had played in but 82 games and hit only five homers for the A's in 1972, but glory was thrust upon him when a leg injury scratched Jackson from the Series. Tenace responded with four homers and nine RBIs, propelling the A's past a then not-quite-as-big Red Machine.

Some teams, however, are so awesome that guile seems merely an affectation. The Yankees of the '30s and the '40s had an air of superiority about them. In a somewhat less dignified way, so did the Dodgers of the '50s. But surely no team has dominated a season the way the Yankees of 1927 did. They set records for everything from home runs to the consumption of bootleg gin. They won 110 games, lost only 44, had a cumulative batting average of .307 and outscored their opponents by almost 400 runs. Ruth hit his 60 homers and Gehrig had 47. Ruth led the league in runs (158), walks (138), strikeouts (89) and slugging percentage (an astonishing .772). Gehrig led in runs batted in (175), total bases (447) and doubles (52). Centerfielder Earle Combs led in hits (231). Ruth and Gehrig were first and second in slugging, walks and homers; Gehrig and Ruth first and second in total bases and RBIs; Combs and Gehrig first and second in hits; and Ruth, Gehrig and Combs first, second and third in runs. Waite Hoyt led the league's pitchers with a 22–7 record and a 2.64 ERA.

The outfield of Bob Meusel, Combs and Ruth is still considered one of the finest defensively, and the infield of Gehrig on first, Lazzeri on second, Mark Koenig at short and Joe Dugan on third was first rate. The team had only average catching, but the pitching staff led by Hoyt, Herb Pennock, Urban Shocker, George Pipgras, Dutch Ruether and Wilcy Moore was excellent.

The '27 Yankees have been acclaimed for many years as baseball's finest team, but there is a diminishing number of those who can testify through personal experience to its greatness. Memories grow cloudy; soon only the stats, the loyal numbers, will remain. All things are relative, though, and this team played nearly a half-century ago, before night games, artificial turf, network television and the arctic World Series.

So where do the modern Reds stand in such august company? They are, in baseball language, competitive. They are as strong up the middle as most of the Top 10. Bench regained his faltering reputation in the Series and is once again being trumpeted as the greatest catcher, the superior, some claim, of Cochrane, Dickey, Campanella and Yogi Berra. Dave Concepcion and Morgan compare with any short-second combination, and Cesar Geronimo, with his extraordinary throwing arm and outstanding range, is the quintessential artificial turf centerfielder. And though he is no DiMaggio, Mantle or Snider at the plate, he did hit better than .300 this year.

The Reds intimidate with both power and speed. Their 210 stolen bases far surpass those of any of the Top 10, though the running game was not that fashionable in the '30s, '40s and '50s. The Reds stole seven bases in the four Series games

Rose exemplified the Reds' daring on the bases with a dive into third in Cincy's 6–2 Game 3 victory

and consistently took the extra base on Yankee outfielders. In the second game Geronimo tagged up and scored on a shallow fly ball to center, arriving well ahead of Mickey Rivers' two-bounce toss. In the same game Griffey, who has created a whole new statistical category with his infield hits, forced Yankee Shortstop Fred Stanley into a bad throw on one of his typical AstroTurf hoppers. The error cost the Yankees the only game they had a real chance to win. The Reds' team speed is such that opposing infields are compelled to be wary of the stolen base. This leaves them vulnerable elsewhere, because as broadcaster Tony Kubek, the shortstop of the '61 Yankees, has observed, "With the Reds, the first baseman on the other team *always* has to hold the man on first. And the shortstop and second baseman *have* to cheat toward second in case of a steal. That opens up room for hits to get through, something the Reds take advantage of."

The Reds' panache, much of it the property of Third Baseman Pete Rose, is always in evidence. In the two games on the Yankee Stadium grass infield, Rose took the bunt away from the speedy but befuddled Rivers by playing in very close. In the final inning of the Series, Rivers, who must have longed to decapitate his antagonist with a line drive, finally hit one at Rose's head. Rose snatched it, then held his glove up, as if to say, "Better luck next time, sucker."

The Reds take consistent advantage of opponents' mistakes, as Stanley ruefully learned, and they stifle rallies with their alertness, as Yankee Graig Nettles discovered when Bench picked him off second base after a failed bunt attempt by Willie Randolph in the fourth inning of the final game. Rivers did manage to steal a base in Game 4—the first off Bench and the Reds in 27 consecutive post-season games dating back to 1972—but he was thrown out on his only other attempted swipe, was picked off first by Pitcher Pat Zachry in Game 3 and, in his worst base-running gaffe, killed a brewing Yankee rally in the same game when he was doubled off second on a liner to First Baseman Tony Perez.

The Reds also have their unsung heroes. Witness Dan Driessen in the unlikely role of designated hitter, a position the National League does not recognize except when Commissioner Bowie Kuhn obliges it to use the DH in the World Series. Driessen hit .357 against the Yankees and belted a homer in Game 3. And Will McEnaney, who endured a miserable season (2–6, 4.87 ERA), threw 4⅔ scoreless innings in relief and pitched, as he did a year ago, the final out.

People are not as easily awed today, but the Big Red Machine does leave an impression. The Reds had the best batting average in the majors (.280) and scored the most runs (857). They led their league in doubles (271), home runs (141) and steals. Five of the eight regulars—Griffey, Rose, Morgan, Geronimo and George Foster—were .300-plus hitters. The '29 A's had six, the '27 Yankees five. The Reds have now won two straight Series, the first National League team to do so since the 1921-22 Giants.

Awesome, maybe. Praiseworthy, certainly. And during this last impressive week, praise came forth, sometimes grudgingly, from the old players who watched the Reds start yet another new era. "I'd compare the Reds favorably with any club I've seen," said Hall of Famer Ralph Kiner, now a Mets broadcaster. "The '61 Yankees don't really count. I'm not taking anything away from them, but that was an expansion year. The Reds have such balance. AstroTurf has changed the game, and they know how to play it well. They go from first to third, and if they draw the throw, they have a man on second. They're a great club. . . . They don't have the same power of the teams of the '50s, but they make up for it. Every man on the field is a pro."

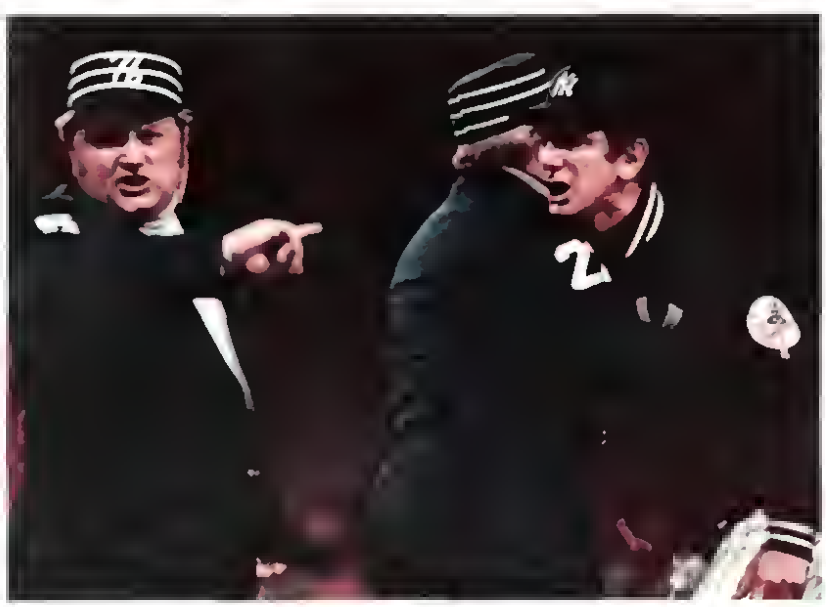
"Concepcion has a lot more power and a better arm than I did," said the old Scooter, Rizzuto, a Yankee broadcaster. "I don't think I could play on AstroTurf so well, so deep in the hole."

"We had pitching and power," said Elston Howard, catcher on the '61 Yankees and coach on the '76 team. "They have speed. I don't think they compare to the guys we had. We had three catchers who hit over 20 home runs."

"You really can't compare eras, but this is one of the best teams I've seen," said Monte Irvin, the Giant star of the '50s who now works in the commissioner's office. "They can beat you so many ways—speed, hitting, defense. They've got a great catcher, and their pitching can't be too bad *if* they won 102 games. They've got a lot of guys who can pitch four or five innings and get the job done. What more do you want?"

There is one observer who is uniquely qualified to comment on changing eras. "The Reds are refined around the edges," said Waite Hoyt of the '27 Yankees, now 77 and a retired Cincinnati broadcaster. "But there was a craftsmanship, an artistic approach combined with discipline on our team." Hoyt was a Yankee. He has seen much of the Reds. Can he, of all people, compare two teams a half-century apart? There was no hesitation. "It is my firm belief that the 1927 Yankees are the best team ever."

You could look it up. END



Billy Martin was out of the Series in the ninth inning of the fourth game, with his team soon to follow

THE DR. DOUBLED HIS FEE

And Owner Roy Boe got $3 million in a deal that sent the Nets star to the 76ers

by Curry Kirkpatrick

For a moment he was like any other theater-in-the-round headliner, standing there in a circle of light, turning to show himself to each section of the house. As the applause swelled, he raised one fist in the air, then the other. A man ran out from the darkness and gave him—what, a black satchel? Of course, a *doctor's* satchel. Again the crowd exploded. Finally, his passionate welcome to the NBA concluded, Julius Erving sat down and began this new episode of his remarkable career right where he didn't belong In Philadelphia And on the bench.

It was a peculiar and obviously awkward debut that Erving made last Friday night in the Spectrum when 17,196 fans (just short of capacity) greeted the newcomer, late of the New York Nets, as if he had just discovered the cause of and cure for Legionnaires' Disease. When Dr. J entered the game in the second quarter and threw away his first pass, there were scattered moans. When he missed his first four free throws and committed a couple of sloppy fouls, there were raised eyebrows. Even before Erving had finished leading his new team—this month's dynasty, the talent-rich Philadelphia 76ers—to a 121–118 defeat, much of the audience had headed for the exits, somehow believing that any man worth $6.5 million should be able to beat the San Antonio Spurs with two legs tied behind his neck

Of course, this is the same town that has been known to boo the Easter Bunny Dr. J should consider himself lucky that the sin of rustiness didn't get him hanged in effigy.

Still, despite trying to do too much on not enough preparation, forcing his wind and judgment out of synch, Erving managed to come up with 17 points and six rebounds in 16 minutes of playing time. For the record, his first NBA basket came at 2.38 of the third period on a driving, double-pump underhand scoop shot off the glass His first dunk was a slam-hook from the standing position with a double-tuck, lift-and-jerk sway motion, with about 10 minutes to go in the contest. Judges awarded it a puny 6.5 on the Erving WOW scale. All told, he made six of nine field goals, missed eight of 13 free throws and committed five fouls in his first true competition in five months.

Undoubtedly waiting for the new man to do something more, like jam the Liberty Bell through Betsy Ross' roof, the other 76ers proceeded to lose concentration and aggressiveness. When they weren't standing around gaping, they were practicing give-and-go turnovers and forgetting how they compiled the league's best exhibition record of 7-1.

"I never found my second wind," Erving acknowledged after the defeat. "My mind felt I could do anything, but my body wasn't ready." He was not much readier the next night in Buffalo, where the 76ers lost again, 108–105. Erving played 15 minutes and had 13 points.

Following weeks of hype, including the most seductive dangling of financial inducements since Barbara Walters decided to change teams, it was not surprising that Erving contributed so little in his first appearances for Philadelphia. It was more surprising that the 76ers had floated back down from space in time to play at all It had been only two days before that these same 76ers, already a solid favorite to win the Atlantic Division, found out that Erving was on the way. Upon hearing the news, Caldwell Jones got down on his knees and cried. Doug Collins lay in bed and laughed and laughed. George McGinnis, the 76ers' previous savior, blurted, "Me and the Doctor together? Oh my God!"

The reaction on the other side of the continent was not as joyous. Aboard a plane from New York to San Francisco, the Nets were still certain that their star and leader would join them for the opener with the Golden State Warriors. At the airport they learned that he was gone for good.

Erving came off the bench to reveal a touch of

"Get me to the bar I may have to become a drinkster," said Coach Kevin Loughery as he stared, glassy-eyed, at the luggage going round and round.

John Williamson and Rich Jones did not try to be funny. "How could anybody do this to us? Our season is over already," said Williamson.

"It's a damn beef market. No sense beating your brains out," said Jones. Still, even without Erving, the Nets beat Golden State 104–103 on Jones' running one-hander at the buzzer. That was the game CBS had scheduled in order to showcase Erving and then canceled when he was sold, belittling both teams and showing considerable contempt for the NBA.

Trainer Fritz Massmann had carried Dr. J's uniform and equipment all the

PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNY MILLAN

high-priced style to Billy Paultz of the Spurs

way to the West Coast, hoping against hope. Of the people responsible for transferring Erving down the New Jersey Turnpike, he said simply, "They should all be shot."

As the pros caught up with the week's bizarre events—which are sure to unbalance the league—it was not difficult to figure out who "they" are:

1. Roy Boe, the button-down Yale man whose hockey team—the Islanders—has prospered while his Nets have turned into debts. Even with Dr. J and the ABA championship team, attendance last season at Nassau Coliseum went down by 1,500 per game from the year before. The Nets have never sold out a regular-season game. They averaged more people at the Coliseum five years ago with Rick Barry than in three years with Julius Erving. Nonetheless, the Doctor claims that Boe promised him a renegotiation of his seven-year, $1.9 million contract in the event of a merger. But Boe, borrowing from everybody in the Big Apple except King Kong, stood pat for a month against renegotiation in this, the fourth year of Erving's contract.

2. Irwin Weiner, Erving's Runyonesque agent who graduated from New York's garment district and sometimes seems to be talking out of the side of his red hair while flashing more jewelry than Sammy Davis Jr. Weiner admits that Erving "wanted to go back" to the Nets as late as a week before the season opened when the player met with Boe at the Nassau Country Club. "Julius was getting emotionally involved," says Weiner. "I told him to get a strong letter of intent, something tangible from Boe." Boe didn't put anything in writing, so Erving, who seemed to be committing an atrocity by getting "emotionally involved" with his own life, gave up.

3. F. Eugene Dixon, a Main Line Philadelphia blue blood rumored to be worth $150 million ("depending on what happens on Wall Street tomorrow," he says). "Fitz" Dixon owns horses and large chunks of real estate. An heir to the fortune of the Widener family, he purchased the 76ers in May. He purchased Julius Erving last week. Three million dollars went to Boe immediately, $3.5 million will go to Dr. J over the next six seasons.

Dixon understands horses best. In explaining to his boss what Erving would mean to the franchise, 76er General Manager Pat Williams said Dr. J was like "Man o' War." The owner himself referred to Erving's physical examination as a "veterinary certificate."

And one must not forget Erving. In the end, the messy episode could be blamed on conflicting personalities, unquenchable egos, cynical self-interest, insensitivity, greed. Through the siege Erving remained, as always, a nice, friendly fellow with loads of intelligence, grace and charisma. Also, he became a father for the second time—mother Turquoise and daughter Jazmin Antiqua are doing fine. But Dr. J hardly deserves a halo.

The entire NBA now recognizes—too late—that for the good of the league and the area, Erving should have stayed on Long Island no matter what the cost. The Doctor insisted that is what he wished for all along. Yet through the long weeks of non-renegotiation with Boe, Erving never once left his 17-room renovated Upper Brookville estate, leaving the Mercedes and Avanti parked in the garages, to come into camp and practice. This is the second contract he has broken (the first was with the Virginia Squires in 1972), the second group of teammates he has run out on. Erving said, "I feel sorry for the guys. They'll have to start from scratch." And, "I feel tarnished." Also, "John Q. Cash does it again." He is now the highest-paid performer in the game.

In the Spectrum locker room Friday night Erving did not seem self-conscious upon meeting his new teammates. Earlier, over the phone to McGinnis, he had said, "Big George, we gonna do a number." When McGinnis encountered Erving wearing 76er colors, he said, "You sure look funny," and the two laughed and performed the ritual set of approximately 450 soul handshakes.

To keep feathers unruffled, 76er Coach Gene Shue kept insisting that he would never have traded McGinnis for Erving, that McGinnis was his captain, that he was "the best forward in the game," and "No.1 in Philadelphia."

For his part, McGinnis said he and Erving would not "hog" the play or need "30 basketballs" to play together. "Me and J will get along so well it will be unbelievable," McGinnis said a mite defensively. He also said, "I always felt I never got my due in the ABA. It was always Julius' league." So does this now become Julius' team? Naturally, McGinnis is already contemplating a renegotiation of *his* $3 million contract.

The effusive Williams, who manipulated last year's McGinnis deal and this year's Erving transaction with the craft of a Florentine sculptor, prefers not to think about that for the time being. Once Williams employed dancing bears and singing pigs to fill his arenas. Now he has these two magnificent athletes playing together on a team with the highest per capita payroll in the free world. "Would I be going too far to call this the most exciting, breathtaking team in the history of sports in this country?" asked Williams.

Probably. But go ahead and say it. It's only money. **END**

THEY KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE

The 49ers are giving San Francisco and its not-so-high-falutin' neighbors a winner, thanks to some Good Ol' Boys who like to lean on quarterbacks

by Dan Jenkins

The towns south of San Francisco are strewn along the peninsula like postwar carpenters' fallout, to invent a disease, and the football team called the 49ers essentially belongs to this area, which, among other things, has contributed the "Mexicatessen" to neighborhood groceries. The 49ers live and train and hide out mostly around Redwood City, far from the culture, sophistication and intellectual debate of Nob Hill's hotel lobbies. So the real question posed by the resurgence of the team that once belonged to Kezar Stadium and Hugh McElhenny and Y. A. Tittle and John Brodie is whether the newest savior, Jim Plunkett, will be able to throw more touchdown passes than there are freeway exits in San Jose.

Last Saturday night at Candlestick Park, Plunkett had very few opportunities to do much in that direction because the 49ers got involved in a football game with the Atlanta Falcons that their general manager, Lou Spadia, described as "the kind of thing that will bring back peewee golf." Still, the 49ers won 15–0, which left this utterly surprising team with a glorious 6–1 record halfway through the season, not to mention the lead in the NFL's Western Division, which the Los Angeles Rams are supposed to own. It was also the first five-game victory streak for the 49ers in almost 20 years.

Most of the credit for the humiliation of Atlanta must go to the feisty members of the 49ers' defensive platoon that forced the Falcons to perpetrate every blunder known to football in the course of the evening. Tommy Hart and Cedrick Hardman, the 49er defensive ends, and Cleveland Elam and Jimmy Webb, the tackles, should have been arrested for trespassing; they spent more time in the Atlanta backfield than any of the Falcon runners.

The 49ers scored first when the Falcons went back to punt, and the center snap—well, by now, it may have come down somewhere near the Bay Bridge. Steve Mike-Mayer later kicked a 20-yard field goal, and the 49ers had a 5–0 lead at the half as the crowd of 50,240 was wondering why the baseball season had started so early. The San Francisco offense was not very offensive in the second half either, managing only Mike-

Cedrick Hardman (86) finishes off the sacking of Atlanta's Kim McQuilken in the 15–0 victory that kept the 49ers on top in the NFC's Western Division

Clark has enjoyed peace of mind and success.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Mayer's 27-yard field goal and Kermit Johnson's one-yard run for the game's lone touchdown. But luckily for the 49ers, Hart, Hardman and Co. played their usual ferocious game. Or, to put it another way, the 49ers didn't surrender a touchdown for the third straight week.

The 49er front four sacked Atlanta Quarterback Kim McQuilken six times, something that his Lehigh days had hardly prepared McQuilken for. They also got his replacement, Scott Hunter, twice as the Atlanta passing, ahem, attack finished the night with a net *loss* of 39 yards. The Falcons' running game managed to produce 83 yards, but as every second-grader in Palo Alto knows, 83 minus 39 means a total offense of 44 yards—or, as Spadia implied, an argument for peewee golf. "We were in a battle out there," McQuilken said later, "and we got the worst of it."

Rather than dwell on the atrocities, however, it will be far more interesting to discuss some of the things that have led to the instant recovery of the 49ers, all the while keeping in mind that their schedule thus far has been filled with a whole lot of Atlantas and Lehighs.

The opening victory over Green Bay found Plunkett throwing two touchdown passes to Willie McGee, and Delvin Williams rushing for 121 yards. The score was 26–14.

Although the score of the Chicago game insinuates that the 49ers were in it (they lost 19–12), they never actually were. The Bears, as much of a surprise in their own way as the 49ers, completely controlled the contest as Walter Payton sped through various portals of Candlestick for 148 yards, and a tough Bear defense made Plunkett appear as if his primary concern was to stay alive as he huddled for protection in the passing pocket.

In the season's third game, against Seattle, the 49ers benefited from getting off to a big lead, big enough to hang on for a 37–21 win over the Seahawks as Plunkett hit McGee for one touchdown and Gene Washington for two.

It was on the fourth weekend, against the New York Jets, that the defense started to do its thing. Hart and Hardman and the others were so murderously effective, with seven sacks, that Plunkett did not have to throw a touchdown pass. The 49ers won with ease, 17–6.

All of this was fine, but there was no need for the peninsula to get truly excited until that Monday night when the defense blanked the Los Angeles Rams and Plunkett generated enough offense to give the 49ers a 16–0 stunner on national television. The haughty Beverly Hills set tried to rationalize the whipping of its beloved Rams by saying that the Rams had taken the night off, feeling that the NFL's schedule was too long. Down on Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco, though, the thinking was that the 49ers had embarrassed and battered the hated Rams, and had forced them to quit playing about 50 minutes before the final gun.

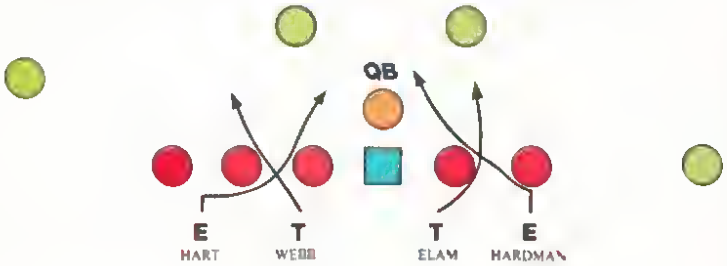
In that game the 49ers sacked L.A. Quarterback James Harris a grand total of 10 times and, when it was over, Harris was back on the injured list with a bruised shoulder. Hart personally accounted for six of those sacks, while Hardman had two. Hart and Hardman so confused and overwhelmed the members of the Los Angeles offensive line that the Rams also were hit with four holding penalties. Suddenly, there was true joy in San Mateo.

The 49ers made it four in a row against the poor, disadvantaged Saints with

continued

Tommy Hart speaks softly but carries a big sack. Ask James Harris, who suffered six Hart attacks.

TEX PLUS REX EQUALS VEX



The favored stunt of San Francisco's intrepid quarterback hunters—Tommy Hart, Cedrick Hardman, Cleveland Elam and Jimmy Webb, four Southerners who have found comfort in San Francisco—is a simple inside loop called "Tex" (*see diagram*). The play may be called at any time—and from the bench, the huddle or the line, depending on down and distance as well as the positioning of the offensive linemen. Tex is tailored to stop the pass by giving the quarterback a collision, not a completion. "If the other team's got third and eight," says 49er Defensive Line Coach Floyd Peters, "they may go cute for a while by running a draw on us, but eventually they know that D-Day is coming and that they're going to have to go back to pass." That's when the 49er sackers do their thing.

Tackles Webb (6′5″, 249 pounds) and Elam (6′4″, 253), a pair of second-year prodigies, launch the initial charge with a diagonal outside burst that opens the seams for a Hart-and-Hardman rush. "We want the element of surprise," says Coach Monte Clark. "The blocker's been lining up across from someone and BOOM. Suddenly he's got a different guy in his face." The opposing blockers may try to switch off, but since Hart and Hardman are exceptionally quick (both run the 40-yard dash in 4.7 seconds) one or both usually will have blown toward a sack before the blockers can react. On other occasions Hart and Hardman will come off the ball first, firing inside to open an outside loop rush for Webb and Elam. This 49er maneuver is known as "Rex."

In seven games the 49ers have Texed, Rexed and vexed the opposition for 37 sacks—and 367 yards lost on pass attempts. Both statistics are the best in the NFL, and, with half the schedule to be played, San Francisco needs only 11 sacks to match its 1967 season record of 48. Hart and Hardman have clearly benefited from the development of Webb and Elam. The inside pressure applied by the two 24-year-olds prevents quarterbacks from stepping up into the pocket to escape the outside rushes of Hart and Hardman.

Similar in size, strength and speed, Hart and Hardman are close friends. Hart, 31, comes from Macon and played at Morris Brown. He is quietly intense and shy, and tends to be embarrassed by media attention, as he was when the press blitzed him after the Rams game in Los Angeles. Clark calls Hart a "created player", devotion to a weight program changed Hart from a 213-pound linebacker weakling to a 251-pound defensive-end muscleman. He leads the 49ers with 10 sacks, and says he feels sorry for foes who hold him. "Sometimes I sympathize with offensive ballplayers," he says. "It's third and 10 and they know you're coming. What can they do? They got to protect the quarterback."

The 6′4″, 244-pound Hardman, 28, hails from Houston and was a No. 1 draft choice from North Texas State. He never is at a loss for words. Although he is a natural pass rusher, only in the last year or so has he improved his skill and discipline to the point where he now performs well in all phases of the defense. Still, he tends to be dissatisfied with his play even when Clark and Peters are pleased. "I think there's so much more I can do but haven't done," he says. "I'd just like to dominate a whole game." He rarely talks to his opponent on the field. "I don't like to fun and frolic with the enemy until the battle is over," he says. "If I need to slap him up side his head, I don't want no friendship getting in the way."

There was no friendship evident during San Francisco's shutout of the Falcons as the 49ers, who have allowed only nine points in their last four games, kept their points-against total at 63, presently the best in the NFL. Hart blasted out of Tex for a 19-yard sack of Quarterback Kim McQuilken that killed Atlanta's only real scoring chance. Hardman and Webb teamed up to sack McQuilken for another 11 yards. And Elam had four sacks and also forced a fumble. He picked up that fumble, trudged down to the Atlanta one-yard line but then fumbled it himself—and the Falcons recovered for a touchback.

In contrast to the fearsome nicknames that have identified other NFL rush lines, the San Francisco quartet will settle for "The Good Ol' Boys." By any name, they are one large case of Southern discomfort.

—Ron Reid

Plunkett hurling two more touchdown passes. There were seven more sacks to accompany the offense, all in all a splendid performance by everyone in a 33–3 waltz, the only sour note being the broken leg McGee suffered when he fell on the concrete-like artificial turf at Candlestick. Plunkett was six out of 10 for 121 yards and the two sixes. On the other hand, New Orleans generally encourages splendid performances by its opponents, so there was still the nagging question of how good San Francisco really was.

Before the Atlanta game—which, as it developed, hardly provided any answers—Coach Monte Clark laughed when he was asked where the 49ers were going to be headquartered at the Super Bowl. Clark, happily, has a subtle wit. He also has a smile that starts on Wednesday and gets there sometime Friday, as when he said of the Chicago loss, "We put it all together that day—in a negative sense."

If Clark, who replaced the fired Dick Nolan last winter, had any plans to redecorate the coach's office in the 49ers' modest headquarters near burgeoning downtown Redwood City, he must have mislaid them. Nothing adorns the walls but a portrait of Tony Morabito, the man who brought to San Francisco in 1946 "the oldest original major league professional football franchise west of the Mississippi" and a slogan on a plaque. Most coaches have more inspirational slogans around their offices than X's and O's, but Clark has just one. It says: "Success equals peace of mind which comes from the self-satisfaction of knowing you have done your best."

Clark said he did not know who said it, or where he found it, but that he believes it.

He said he also believes in Don Shula. Clark reminds people of Shula. Well, he would if Shula stood on a stepladder and put on about 40 pounds. What they mean is that Clark's mannerisms and attitudes compare favorably with Shula's. Of course, that seems only natural, since Clark worked six years for Shula in Miami and has been given much of the credit for assembling the offensive line that helped the Dolphins win their Super Bowls.

"I've tried to learn from everybody I've ever been around," said Clark, who was with the 49ers, Cowboys and Browns

continued

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But step inside and you've stepped into a world that's very close to the full-size LTD.

Plush, comfortable seats. Tastefully elegant appointments. The satisfying luxury and the high level of workmanship that's become an LTD trademark.

There's no mistaking the smooth, comfortable ride of an LTD. It's a legend. And now LTD II gives you a ride that's very close to that legend. It uses the same basic kind of remarkably smooth riding suspension as Ford's most expensive car.

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So if you have an office in Zurich you know the time there without going through a bunch of mental gymnastics. Or if you're traveling you can set the watch for the new place, yet always know what time it is back home.

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The six-function, two-time-zone Novus PR6 watch. (Suggested retail price $170.)

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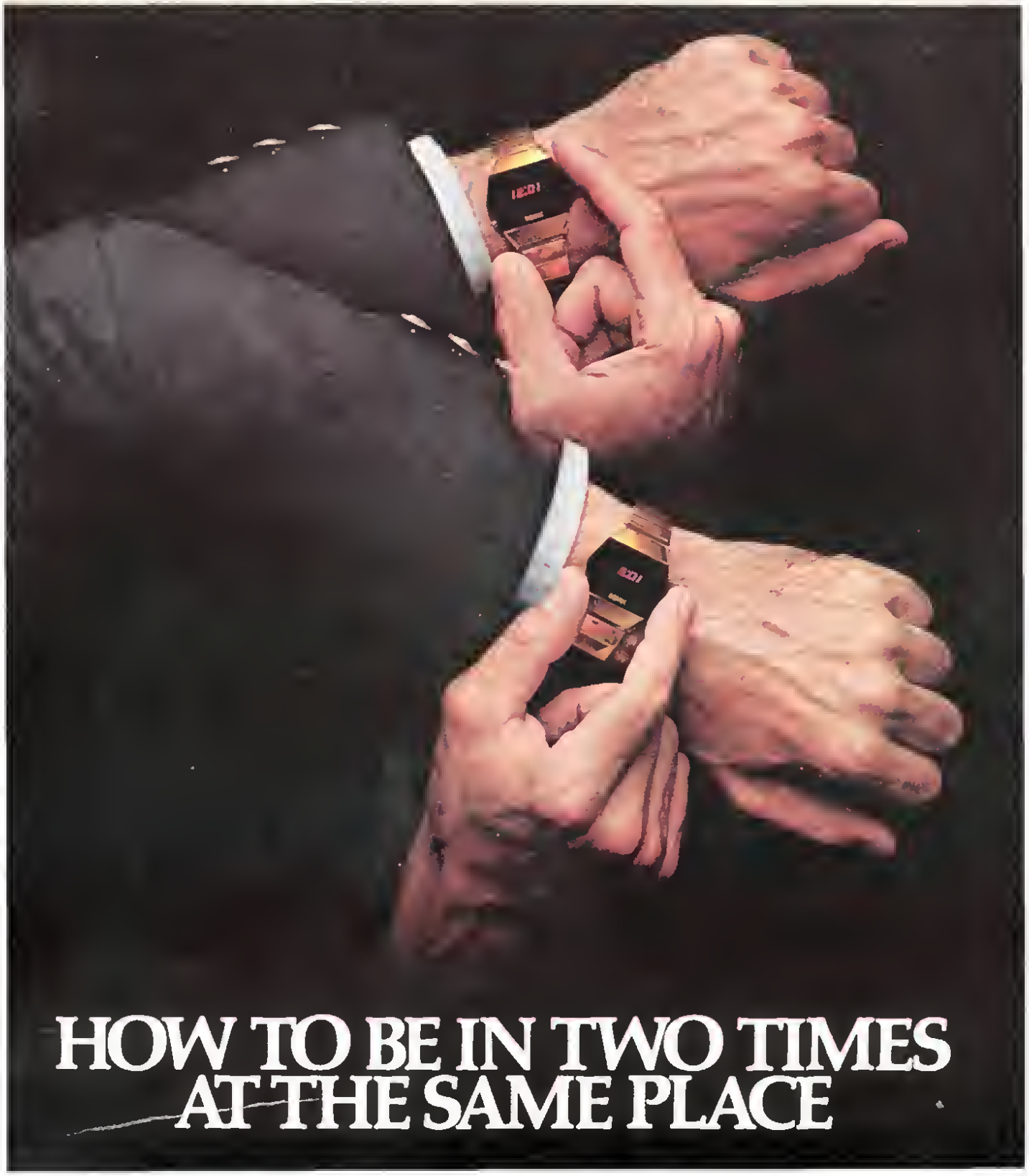


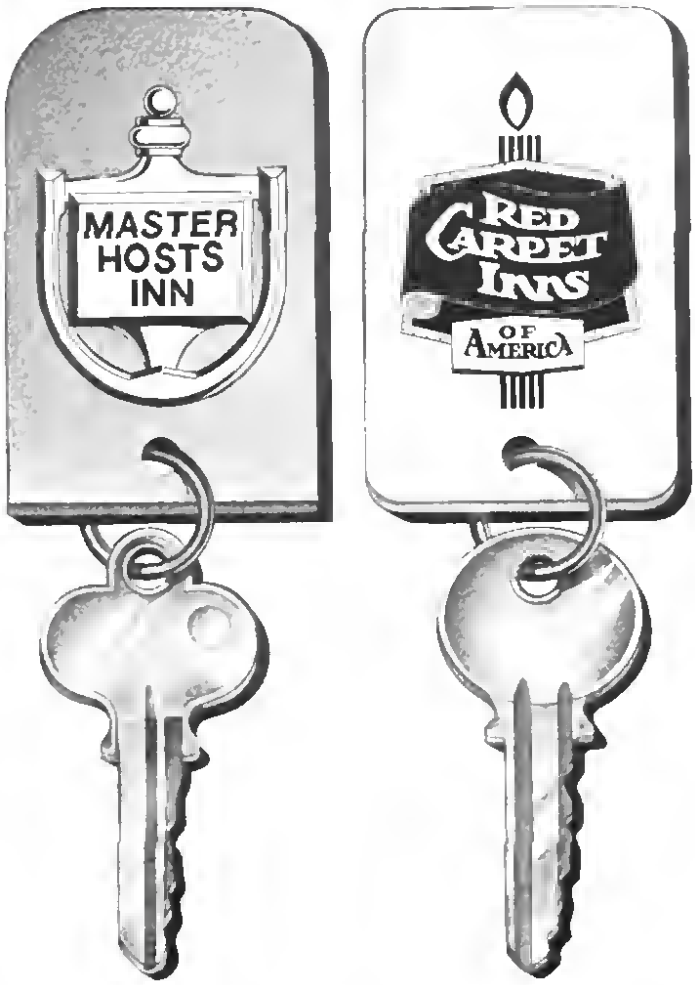
during his playing career, and at 39 is the NFL's youngest head coach "When I was playing, I was always asking guys in other positions why they did this and that. Here, I'll tell you how much I'm like Shula " With that, Clark opened two large notebooks on his desk, books filled with plays, diagrams, work schedules, etc. One was San Francisco's. The other was Miami's. Leafing through both of them, he paused frequently to show how many of the pages were identical.

When Clark arrived in San Francisco last January, he looked around to see what could be changed. New coaches like to change things to create a new atmosphere. The first thing Clark did was move the training camp from Santa Barbara to San Jose. "About 65% of our following, maybe even more, comes from the peninsula, and I felt it would create interest if our camp was in the middle of that," he said. Clark's other momentous decision was to institute the wearing of white jerseys for home games, something the 49ers had never done in all of the years that they have not been winning the NFL championship. "I guess Dallas did it first so that all the visiting teams would have a different look," Clark said. "I did it for that reason, too, but also so I could change something."

Plunkett was acquired from the Patriots—and at great expense—to help bring the good times back. Success in San Francisco has always been measured in what they call "exciting teams" rather than championships. Old 49er sufferers gaze back with fondness on the team of the "Million Dollar Backfield," that of Y A Tittle, Joe Perry, Hugh McElhenny and John Henry Johnson, and the days of the "Alphabet Backfield," which was Y. A. Tittle, J. D. Smith, R. C. Owens and C R. Roberts. They think of the early Frankie Albert-Leo Nomellini days, and they are more than aware of how close they came to a championship under Dick Nolan when John Brodie reached his antique prime in the early '70s.

One obvious thing Plunkett has in common with some of those fun days is that he rose out of Stanford, as did both Albert and Brodie. This Stanford syndrome is partly the reason why the 49ers have always been a peninsula team, and it is also part of the reason why Plunkett wanted to come home He had never stopped living in San Jose during the five

continued



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*Suggested manufacturer's retail prices including ADC induced magnet cartridge, base and dustcover.

years he played for New England. He said he would have gone to the Rams or Denver if it could have been worked out—anywhere in the West—but Spadia brought him home by giving the Patriots three first-round draft choices and a second and the sometime 49er quarterback, Tom Owen.

The fact that New England let Plunkett go at any price raised some questions about his ability. Admittedly, Plunkett had not done the things he thought he could do for the Patriots—the things Steve Grogan has been doing for them this season—and he had been banged around, suffering several shoulder and knee injuries.

"I thought I was capable of anything when I first went there," Plunkett says. "Before it was over, I was questioning my own ability."

There were some NFL coaches who whispered that Plunkett maybe was finished, because of his injuries, and they questioned his play-calling ability, even his zest for the game.

"Injuries will make you look timid sometimes in the pocket," Plunkett says. "I was a little cautious at first this year. I said earlier that one of the reasons I was happy to be in San Francisco was because Coach Clark promised I wouldn't have to run any keepers." Plunkett has run the ball only 12 times in seven games.

While the game against Atlanta did little to help anyone assess the real strength of the 49ers, it was helpful in showing that Plunkett could take some licks. He took more than a few from Atlanta's rush and when he was forced to scramble, he did so with tenacity. He did not throw a touchdown pass, but he did have one that Kenny Harrison probably should have caught.

So now comes the hard part, the part that will furnish the answers about the 49ers. It is almost as if the season is finally starting, for in the second half they will be confronted by St. Louis, Washington, Minnesota and the Rams again. Even San Diego, another of the year's pleasant mysteries, could mean trouble.

For the moment, however, the 49ers have a five-game win streak, and when they see it in print, the people along the peninsula prefer not to concern themselves with the fact that it was mostly accomplished against Donald Duck and Goofy and their intimate friends. END

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN CALDER

'FEED ME TILL I WANT NO MORE'

Ever triumphant, never surfeited, the Welsh treat rugby as the religion it is, and sing its glories with hymns

by CLIVE GAMMON

Orly Airport, Paris, January 1975. The winter afternoon is ripped open by repeated bursts from machine pistols. Travelers hurl themselves to cover as Black September terrorists spray the departures building. Then, in the first moment of silence, comes a passionate appeal in a high-pitched Celtic singsong. "Boys, boys," it pleads, "it was only a game, remember?"

The attack happened to coincide with the departure of a number of charter flights carrying thousands of Welsh rugby fans home after a game at Parc des Princes Stadium in which France had been defeated 25–10, and that heartfelt cry revealed much about the nature of the game as played and appreciated in Wales. First, note the arrogance. Whatever appalling troubles racked the world, it did not occur to the fan that there could have been any other cause for the outrage than French chagrin at losing the international game. Next, only the most dire and immediate peril could have wrung from a Welshman such an admission, and no doubt he retracted it as soon as the danger was past. In Wales, rugby is not a game: it is an expression of denied nationhood and a religion with a grasp on the country far stronger now than that of its declining Baptist and Presbyterian chapels.

In religious terms, 1976 has brought Wales to the Promised Land, with the successive annihilation of teams from Australia (28–3), England (21–9), Scotland (28–6) and Ireland (34–9), and a final, narrower 19–13 win over France to take the international championship and the Grand Slam—not for the first time, but never so comprehensively and with so many points scored, a world record. As in medieval Europe, holy relics are available to the righteous. In March, after the final game, the bloodstained shirt of John Williams, arguably the hardest defenseman in world rugby, was put up for auction. Williams has not yet quite achieved the kind of canonization that caused Barry John, probably the finest player of this century, to retire from the game in 1972 at the age of 27. Not only were Welshwomen curtsying to Barry John in public, but mothers were bringing children to touch his sleeve. King John the papers used to call him, but it was more like Saint John in the end, and he couldn't take it.

Welsh rugby has always been strong, but it is impossible to match the present revival, which began in 1971 when a team called the British Lions, composed of English, Scottish, Irish and Welsh players, went to New Zealand and won a series against the national team. Until then, the New Zealanders had been regarded as the world champions. Significantly,

Trevor Evans, a piratical Swansea and Wales forward, straight arms a lonesome London Welsh defender in a match at Old Deer Park in Surrey, England

two thirds of the "British" team was Welsh. In 1974 the other great power in world rugby, South Africa, was visited by the Lions, again a Wales-dominated team. The South Africans lost 21 games out of 22, managing to tie the last.

There are some curious theories to account for the fact that Wales produces fine rugby players out of all proportion to its tiny population of two million. In rugby terms, the populace is about half that, since the game is mostly played along a coastal strip less than 60 miles long, corresponding roughly to the South Wales coalfield. And one of these theories concerns the coalfield itself.

By evolutionary process, the theory runs, three centuries of hacking out coal in cramped galleries underground have produced a physique perfectly adapted to the two key halfback positions on a rugby team: a broad, muscular torso and short, strong legs. The halfbacks make a link between the eight forwards and the center backs and wingmen. The important skills of the halfbacks are twofold. The inside half, in particular, has to throw a very fast, low-trajectory pass to his outhalf the second the ball is delivered to him by his sweating, mauling forwards. To gain momentum, he will often hurl himself with the ball and will be parallel to the ground before releasing it. And for this the miner's low center of gravity is perfect, as it is for the second basic skill—the jinking run that is an alternative to the pass and also the most formidable attribute of the outside half.

Devout Welshmen believe that no other nation can possibly produce halfbacks to match the Welsh, though they will concede that the French occasionally come close. The English, presumably because of original sin, never can. To tease them, Max Boyce, a Welsh subculture hero and ex-miner who sings country-style songs, invented the Outside-Half Mine, which, he claims, is run under maximum security in a remote West Wales valley:

It's built beneath the mountain,
Beneath the coal and clay.
It's where we make the outside halves
Who'll play for Wales one day.
No naked lights or matches where the raw material's found
In that four-foot seam of outside halves
*Two miles below the ground. . . .**

Max Boyce's songs rock the crowds in Wales

Boyce, who appears on stage in the *de rigueur* uniform of a Welsh rugby fan—long knitted red-and-white scarf, woolly cap to match and an outsize leek, the national symbol, pinned to his coat—came by an honor recently that genuinely meant more to him than any success in the theater. Spontaneously, during the Ireland game at Cardiff's Arms Park in 1975, as Wales inexorably built the score up to more than 30 points, the crowd began to sing his *Hymns and Arias*, a song celebrating a win over England some years back.

The singularity of the honor lies in the fact that it is very rare indeed for anything like that to be sung at Arms Park during a game. In the boozy, happy streets of Cardiff, in the pubs before the game, you can sing anything you please, many favoring barbershop renditions of well-matured pop songs like *Delilah*, or witty parodies like *You're 15, You're the Scarlets and You're Mine* (a rugby side numbers 15 and Wales wears red jerseys). Or even songs of a more serious nature, like *Englishmen Are All Ille-* *continued*

*By permission of Land of Song Music

The boots of Cardiff and Barbarian forwards contend for the ball that Inside Half Gareth Edwards has slipped into a formalized, set-piece scrum

gitimate. If you are inclined (and many young followers of the game are), you can scramble up onto a bar and do a slow striptease to a clapping, stomping accompaniment until the bartender calls the police. But inside the stadium you sing hymns, as is appropriate in a place of worship.

The hymns are few in number and mainly in Welsh, and they come from the time of the great 19th-century Methodist revival meetings. As the ground fills before the game, they gain in volume until it is time for the national anthem, *Land of My Fathers.* Only a visiting English side, perhaps, could truly convey the impact of this powerful song sung emotionally, close to hysterically, by 50,000 voices. It is commonly held to be worth at least two touchdowns to Wales. From then on, somewhere in the ground, sometimes from everywhere in the stadium, there is music. And there is a kind of convention that rules what selections are appropriate in differing circumstances.

After a touchdown, you sing *Cwm Rhondda—Bread of Heaven* in English—with its satisfied, long-drawn-out chorus of "Feed Me Till I Want No More." When the Triple Crown—the winning of all three games against England, Scotland and Ireland—is in prospect, you sing *All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,* again with a fitting chorus—"And Crown Him Lord of All." In moments of peril, rare enough these days, it is fitting to sing *Calon Lan (Only the Pure Heart Can Sing).* The last time it was seriously heard at Cardiff was in the game against New Zealand in 1971, when Wales was trailing in the second half. Very slowly, not reprovingly but very sadly, the crowd started on *Calon Lan.* It visibly moved the Welsh players. They raised their game, scored, and if the referee, clearly affected by brain damage, had not disallowed a second touchdown, they would have won. Normally such therapy is not needed. By the last quarter of the game, the Arms Park crowd is indulging itself in a ceremony called "Singing Them Home." This was the point at which Max Boyce won his moment of glory.

Religious observance over, there commences the saturnalia. On a Saturday

Welsh star Mervyn Davies, who survived a brain hemorrhage, still trains on the beach at Swansea.

night after an international game, Cardiff is awash with beer and loud with singing. But, although there is more than a sprinkling of fistfights and the cops have to call out the reserve, the unacceptable face of soccer partisanship—the cold violence, the knifings and the beatings-up—is absent from rugby. About the worst thing that can happen to you is to have a pint of bitter spilled down your suit across a crowded bar.

It is hard to know just why this is so, but it could be connected with the fact that Rugby Union is an amateur game and that in Wales the players are not remote demigods and certainly not rich ones. They are steelworkers, teachers, salesmen, telephone linemen, miners. They live in the same kind of houses as their fans. They drink in the same pubs. You talk about them familiarly as Gareth or Mervyn or Ray. Meet one of them in the street a couple of days before a game and you'll say, "Don't take prisoners, John," or some such pleasantry, and he'll grin back at you. In the small world of South Wales he is probably your cousin anyway. There are some signs that this is beginning to change. "The fans used to be happy years ago if Wales walked away from an international game having won by a single point," says the Welsh captain, Mervyn Davies. "They're spoilt now. They come up to you and say, 'Why didn't you win by more?' It has begun to get to the players. After the England game we came off the field as if we'd lost. We'd won by a record number of points on English soil, but we sat in the changing room as if we'd lost, because we'd only scored 21 points instead of 30 or more. It's crazy."

What might be even more crazy is that players who can draw 100,000 spectators into a stadium, as at Scotland's Murrayfield last year, and who attract a European television audience upward of 80 million viewers get paid no fee. But this is the case. Gifts up to the value of $40 may be accepted during a single season. But nothing else. Davies, naturally, is often on television programs. His fees are sent directly to the Welsh Rugby Union. "Then they write to me," he says, "stating that they are in receipt of my fee—and what would I like done with it? Would I like it to be paid into the W.R.U. charitable fund or into another charity of my choice? They point out that in the latter case I would be liable to income tax. But times are changing. When my father was picked to play for Wales in Scotland in 1946, he had to take the night sleeper from Swansea up to Edinburgh on Friday night, play the game on Saturday afternoon, then come back on the sleeper that night. Now we get hotel rooms."

The ultimate essence of amateurism, though, is probably to be found in Scotland. When the Scots met Australia this year, at the end of the game several Scots players swapped jerseys with the Aussies only to be told, sternly, that for the next international they would have to buy new ones from the Scottish R.U. At least in Wales the players get a jersey a game. In Rugby Union, "expenses" is a highly suspect word. The split between Rugby Union and Rugby League, the version of the game played in the North of England, came at the beginning of this century over the question of "broken time"—that is, whether or not a player should be compensated for time and salary lost from his everyday job. Until a couple of years ago, Rugby Union players on extended trips abroad were given a per diem pocket-money allowance of $1.00. Now it is $2.50. However, it is so prestigious, particularly in Wales, for a company to have an international player on its staff that leave of absence with full pay is granted even for tours of two months or more to New Zealand or South Africa.

In spite of this amateurism, or more probably because of it, competitiveness and commitment to the game are at least as strong as in professional sport. Since the wide exposure of rugby on European television, professional soccer has come in for much unfavorable comparison. The exaggerated groaning and writhing of felled soccer players, the hugs and kisses after a score, contrast strongly with the stoic acceptance of knocks in rugby and the cool lope back to the center line after a touchdown. One thinks of John Taylor faced with a critical kick from far out on the edge of the field in the last minute of the Wales-Scotland game of 1972. As the ball went over the crossbar, winning the game for Wales by a single point, the cameras zoomed in on Taylor. The only thing he failed to control as he ran back into position was a frantic clenching and unclenching of his fists.

Soccer, too, suffers from being at a point in its development in which defensive techniques have been so perfected that the game has become like the trench warfare of 1917. Rugby, however, is in precisely the opposite position. Eight years ago certain rules changes were made that kept the ball in play for far longer periods. Now Rugby Union is a fast, fluid game, one that many would argue is the world's finest spectator sport, well worthy of spreading everywhere, as the clients of Costello's bar on 43rd Street in New York City were startled to realize one evening last year.

A TV set had been flickering away in a corner, largely ignored. Then slowly the bar chatter died away. What was being shown, as part of a sports miscellany program, was a play in a game between the Barbarians, a representative British rugby side, and New Zealand at Cardiff. The ball had come loose to the Barbarians outside half, Phil Bennett of Wales, on his own line. Instead of kicking defensively as orthodox tactics demanded, he started to jink forward like a snipe ("If you had a gap in your teeth," a bemused New Zealand forward said later, "he'd be bloody well through it"), beginning a passing movement that went the whole length of the field and involved each of the 15 Barbarian players before Gareth Edwards, the Welsh inside half, touched down. The not unsophisticated habitués of Costello's roared with disappointment when they realized that this was all they were going to be permitted to see.

If the game ever gains ground in the U.S., it might conceivably exert the same fascination as it does in Wales. After all, the United States was the last nation to win an Olympic gold medal in the sport, back in 1924 at Paris.

Sadly, though, there will be no chance of seeing one of the greatest Welsh rugby players in action again. Mervyn Davies, playing for his club, Swansea, in the Welsh Cup competition in April, didn't get up from the ground after a forward maul, and he had stopped breathing when medical aid came. A brain hemorrhage. For a week, as surgeons fought for his life, the whole nation of Wales came almost to a halt, and the rejoicing when it was known he would recover was the best news in Swansea since V-E day. Without its captain, it is possible that Wales may not exert such dominance over world rugby next season. What is certain, though, is that the secret outside-half factory in the hills will be working overtime and the streets of Cardiff will be en *fête* again. **END**

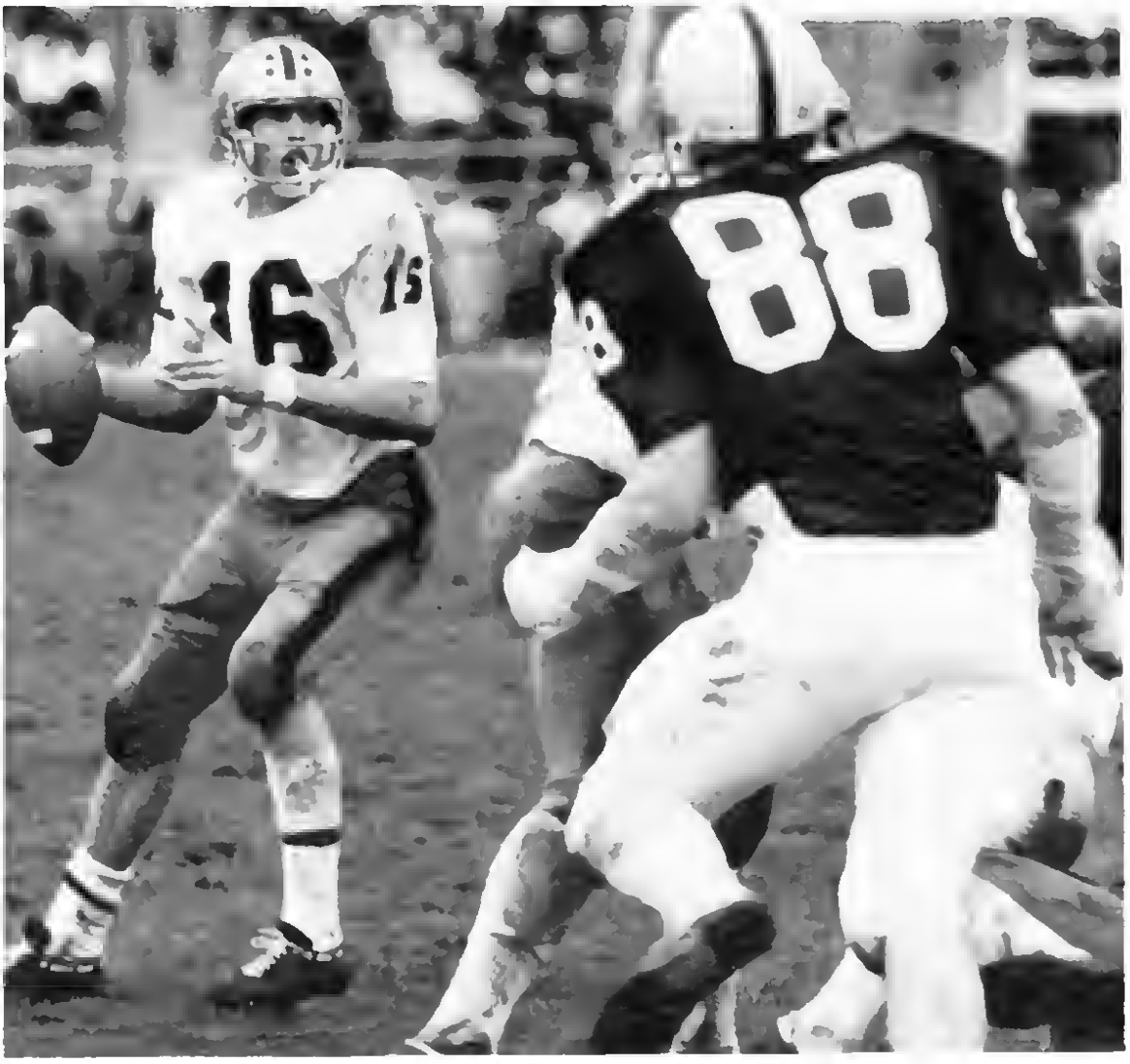
By rights West Point should be a recruiter's dream. The campus is a mighty stone fortress that commands America's most beautiful river from wooded highlands that blaze with color in the fall. Cadets with crossed white belts on their chests and black plumes fluttering from their hats parade on vast lawns to stirring martial airs while the heroes of the Republic, from Washington to Patton, gaze down on the pageantry from marble pedestals.

The quality of a West Point education is high, its alumni are illustrious and its football tradition is grand. It has produced more Presidents than Yale, more Heisman Trophy winners than Michigan and more movies than Hollywood High. Who else but an Army recruiter could haul out Tyrone Power, George C. Scott *and* Douglas MacArthur for the benefit of an impressionable high school prospect? Even history seems to conspire to make a West Point recruiter's job easier. On a boulder outside Michie Stadium is a plaque that reads: "I want an officer for a secret and dangerous mission. I want a West Point football player."—General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, U.S. Army, World War II.

Over hill and dale and dusty trail you would think they'd flock, those 230-pound linebackers and tight ends with 3.5 grade averages. However, while West Point can offer room, board, full tuition, all expenses and a monthly salary for every player, it cannot promise much in the way of high times or a future in football. The West Point recruiter can talk as long as he's able about the Long Gray Line and the Lonesome End and Honor, Duty, Country, but sooner or later he

For years they've struggled on—brave old Army teams—but Leamon Hall, whose bullets are on target, once more has West Point sky high for football
by SARAH PILEGGI

A STAR ON THE BACK SIDE OF HEAVEN



Hall and his high school rival Clennie Brundidge, work hand in hand moving the Long Gray Line

and his hot prospect have to settle down to the basic facts of U.S. Military Academy life, namely that any cadet who attends the first class of his junior year makes a five-year commitment to the Army that will begin on the day of his graduation. It is virtually impossible for an Army football player to move into the professional game. Roger Staubach did it from Annapolis, but the requirement then was only three years and he was able to schedule his leaves so that he could work out with the Cowboys each season.

Furthermore, for four years the Army football player will live under a system of unrelenting military discipline and will follow an academic regimen, heavy in math and science, that is just as rigorous for athletes as it is for the rest of the Corps. His privileges will be as few as his classmates', he will exist in a school with a male-female ratio of 43 to 1, he will probably never play in a bowl game because Army never has, and a certain segment of the population, particularly his own generation, will view him as a killer-in-training.

Army football hit rock bottom in 1973. The Black Knights of the Hudson, twice national champions, 10 seasons unbeaten, were 0 and 10, winless for the first time since 1890. Worst of all, they lost to Navy 51–0. Tom Cahill, Coach of the Year in 1966, was fired, and Army's recruiting program, thanks mainly to a long, unpopular, inglorious war, was left in tatters.

But two things were happening in 1973 that meant better days were on their way. A tall, skinny 17-year-old quarterback named Leamon Hall was attending the U.S. Military Academy Prep School in Fort Belvoir, Va., a one-year way station for athletes en route to West Point. And Homer Smith, a 42-year-old Princeton graduate (*cum laude*, in economics) with an MBA from Stanford, was convincing the brass at West Point that he was just the man they needed to replace Cahill.

Now, after 3–8 and 2–9 seasons in 1974 and 1975, during which Smith retrenched and recruited and Hall waited his turn, good times are on the horizon. The cheating scandal that surfaced last spring, implicating 227 cadets, was an enormous blow, but the worst of that trauma is over now, and it is football, with a new pro-style offense led by Hall and his magic arm, that is helping everyone forget. After last week's 27–10 loss to Boston College the Cadets were 3–4 for the season, a record that included a 21–20 upset of Stanford and a narrow 34–32 loss to North Carolina. Army has a shot at a winning season for the first time since 1972, and its passing combination, Hall and Tight End Clennie Brundidge, is making West Point history. Hall, who has 244 attempts and 119 completions for 1,633 yards, set five single-game school records in one game, and Clennie, with 41 catches for 594 yards, is closing in on Joe Albano's 1970 season marks. The clerks at the post PX are talking football again. The waitresses at Schades' in the village cross their fingers. Even the beleaguered public-affairs officers have begun to smile now and then.

"I didn't recruit Leamon Hall," says Homer Smith. "He was already on his way here when I arrived. But the first thing I heard about him was that he had thrown the basketball up against the wall during the physical aptitude test." The test, which is an entrance requirement for all candidates, consists of pull-ups, a standing broad jump, a 300-yard shuttle run and a kneeling basketball throw. Ninety feet is a good throw; 100 is a great

continued

Charles Schulz:

"You've got to take some time off from the kids and beagles."

©AMF Incorporated 1978

Charles Schulz is, of course, the creator of Peanuts
He has drawn every stroke of every strip, alone, for 26 years
He manages to make time for golf, at which he excels
(10 times invited to the Bing Crosby Tournament),
a lot of tennis and ice hockey.

Q. Golf *and* tennis *and* ice hockey. Aren't you worried about hurting that good drawing hand?

A. Only until the game starts. After that I forget to worry. Actually, I broke a bone in my foot playing tennis last year and I was in a cast for 6 weeks. It gave me 6 weeks of ideas for Snoopy.

Q. You play a superb game of golf. How'd you get so good?

A. I started as a teen-ager and played almost every day. It was the same with ice hockey. I suppose that's really the only way to develop all the skills of a game, large and small.

Q. But tennis came later in life?

A. Yes, I only began serious tennis in recent years and it came as sort of a shock to realize the limits of a late start.

Q. What are the limits of a late start?

A. Even with dedication, lessons, and the best equipment, I'll never be the player I'd like to be. There'll always be lots of players on the courts better than I.

Q. And that is a serious blow to the pride, one that discourages many people. What was your reaction?

A. A change of attitude. I've learned to play tennis for the enjoyment and the recreation of it, to live within my age bracket, and let the wins fall where they may.

Q. Now that's probably the toughest lesson of all in sports, isn't it? Kind of makes you appreciate Charlie Brown more.

A. Well, I'm not sure I'm all *that* resigned.

Q. How about Snoopy? Does he have any tips for us on recreation?

A. Yes. Never jog on a golf course. You might run into a string of double bogeys.

This is one in a series of messages brought to you by AMF We make Voit Balls, Head Skis, Tennis Rackets and Sports Wear, Skamper Trailers, Roadmaster Bicycles, AMF Bowling Products, Slickcraft Boats, Sunfish Sailboats, Hatteras Yachts, Crestliner Boats, Ben Hogan Golf Equipment, Harley-Davidson Motorcycles.

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one. Hall, without benefit of leg action, threw the ball past all the marks on the floor and hit the wall at the other end of the gym.

Hall grew up, to 6′ 5″, in Apopka, Fla., near Orlando. His father was a linotype operator for the *Orlando Sentinel-Star* until computerization arrived. Now he is a foreman of the paper's composing department. In 1972 Leamon was an all-state high school player with his eyes on Auburn or Florida. But in the next to last game of his senior year he suffered a right-shoulder separation and the recruiters who had been keeping in touch since his sophomore year vanished overnight.

"It was a frustrating senior year, wondering right into the spring where I was going to go," he says. "My coach told all the schools around that I might be the best throwing quarterback in the South, but nobody believed him."

Army, with nothing to lose, was less skeptical and someone saw to it that Hall was sent an application. Up to that point, Hall says, he had always thought that Army was "a bunch of soldiers who got together and formed a team" and that West Point was "someplace like the back side of heaven, meant for a special kind of people." Not him. He threw the forms away. His teachers and his friends concurred in his judgment. Only his mother and his coach persisted. "I was very undisciplined," says Hall. "I wasn't the kind of guy that teachers like to teach."

In point of fact, his math teacher told him he would never make it. And the friends who had helped him with his schoolwork for years laughed at the idea of Hall at West Point. "They all figured I was too happy-go-lucky," he says, grinning happy-go-luckily. "But I'm also very hardheaded. The more people laughed at me the more it made me want to do it."

The next year Hall was at Fort Belvoir, playing football, living in Army barracks, learning how to apply himself, how to pass the college boards and how to deal with military discipline and military haircuts. "For about six months the Army and I didn't get along at all. I was a mama's boy, homespun and green," he says.

By the time he reached West Point the following summer, the worst of his adjustment was over and he had added some needed weight to his lanky frame. He got into four games as a plebe and immediately became something of a hero. His first call came in a 38–14 lost cause against Vanderbilt. The Commodores were leading 38–6 late in the third quarter and all Leamon did was hit with seven of his first eight passes and put a touchdown on the scoreboard.

The next game, against Air Force, he moved the team 64 yards into field-goal range. The field goal was good and Army won the game 17–16. "After that," says Homer Smith, "people expected something sensational every time Leamon went into a game. It wasn't going to happen that way. I told him after the Vanderbilt game that he had seen a six-man pass defense and that was the last time he would ever see it. And it was."

Last year Smith gave the starting job in his wishbone offense to senior Quarterback Scott Gillogly. But just before the fourth game, against Stanford, he switched Gillogly to split end and started Hall at quarterback. Army lost 67–14. Gillogly broke his collarbone and was out until the last game of the season. And Hall, starting every game after that in an offense ill-suited to his talents, completed 93 passes for 1,107 yards.

"It was difficult for him," says Smith. "I've seen him when he was all dirty and sore and sometimes bloody. But he's a rugged character now. You grow up tough if you're the quarterback in a wishbone offense."

This year Army's offense, a pro set, is tailored to Hall's abilities. "I like the wishbone," Hall says, "and if I was a coach I would really like to coach the wishbone. But I am not gifted with the kind of talents that it takes to run it."

Hall is gifted not only with a fine arm and a talent for command but, this year, with an excellent receiver in Brundidge, the 6′ 4″, 220-pound sophomore from Oviedo, Fla., which is about seven miles as the crow flies from Apopka and less than half its size. Brundidge was a sophomore at Oviedo when Hall was a senior at Apopka Memorial, and when the two teams met that season, a member of Brundidge's team suggested that Oviedo players contribute to a pot that would go to anyone who could put Leamon out of the game.

"It was a good idea," says Clennie, "but I didn't participate. I didn't play that way, to hurt somebody. He was such a good quarterback. He threw for so many touchdowns. I can't even remember how many. We couldn't have hurt him very much."

Hall remembers Brundidge mainly for his basketball. "He was really good as a sophomore," says Hall, who was all-region in basketball himself. "Later he became a great basketball player."

Brundidge pretends that every Army practice is a real game, and sometimes, out on Daly Field at West Point, when he messes up an assignment, he looks as though he can barely drag himself back to the line, so badly has he let himself and the team down. Before the fifth game he said, "This week I'm imagining everybody's Penn State and that's their linebackers out there."

"Clennie is very religious," says Jeff Jancek, a senior from New Jersey who is team captain and who was moved from end to guard this year, partly to make room for Brundidge. "He has faith in God linked with faith in the power of the mind, and he *knows* it is possible to beat guys who are heavier and quicker. If we have a new attitude this year you could say that Clennie was its founder."

The attitude survived the Penn State defeat, but the bodies took a beating from the big and fast and well-coached Penn State defense. Hall and Brundidge were harassed unmercifully all afternoon, Hall almost never getting a chance to set up properly and Brundidge almost always having a couple of Penn State defenders at his elbow, "like a basketball defense," said Smith later.

Last year Brundidge started on both the football and basketball varsities, but by the end of the year he had decided he could not handle the load a second time. "The academics here are so hard sometimes I don't know where to turn," he said one morning in the break between his 7:45 chemistry class and his 10:25 physics class. "I was disappointed in myself academically the first year, so I decided to concentrate on basketball and devote the rest of the year to academics."

In June Brundidge wrote a letter to Smith explaining his decision and then he spent his summer leave practicing basketball and playing pickup games with college players around home. Smith, whose disappointment must have been profound, wrote Brundidge back, wishing him well and saying he hoped he would change his mind. Brundidge's

continued

Plebe Ruth Ann Colister plays a traditional role

football teammates, however, kept at him, writing him letters, begging him to play, telling him they needed him.

As they truly did. Of the 34 lettermen eligible to return this year, only 15 finally did. Seven resigned, one was dismissed, six quit football, two were found guilty in the Honor Board investigations and three were injured. As an athletic department staffer said, mournfully mixing metaphors, "Coming out of the gate we had two strikes against us."

All summer long Brundidge wavered. Finally, a week before training was to start, he made up his mind "What influenced me most was when the 82nd Airborne troopers from Fort Knox came out to Camp Buckner during summer training I didn't realize how involved they were in Army football. I realized I could make people happy just by being out there."

Clennie Brundidge made a lot of people very happy when he showed up, unannounced, on Aug. 21. Homer Smith wrote in his weekly newsletter to the Friends of Army Football, "... On the first day of practice a coach came into my office with a message that I will not forget—'Clennie is here.' "

Brundidge has changed in many ways since his recruiting visit to West Point when he spent a weekend on the post and averaged three words a day. He had been discovered by Assistant Coach Bud Neswiacheny, who was handling recruiting in Florida Neswiacheny, watching films of another high school player, saw Brundidge score for Oviedo on plays of 95 and 55 yards, and immediately Army joined Georgia Tech, North Carolina State and Florida in the chase

"Me and my friends couldn't see ourselves as West Point cadets," says Brundidge "I had a friend who quit Annapolis after two weeks and he told us how hard it was and what he had to go through."

Clennie, too tactful to say he had no interest in going to West Point, took to hiding from the Army recruiter. "Sixth period was the time for the recruiters. Someone would bring a slip into class that said to come to the office. I got to anticipating the slip and I'd ask the messenger who it was, and if the messenger said West Point, I'd get out of class and I'd go to the parking lot or go home." Brundidge even successfully evaded Smith's one visit to Oviedo. The visit was to coincide with a baseball game, but the game was rained out and Brundidge had disappeared "I hunted a good part of the afternoon for Clennie," says Smith. "Couldn't find him, so I left a note and went on my way"

The night before Brundidge planned to sign his letter of intent with North Carolina State, Neswiacheny showed up at his home with a film, a projector and a screen. "Unfortunately for me," says Clennie, smiling ruefully because a rueful smile makes the story funnier and he likes being the butt of his own stories, "he showed all the good things about West Point, a lot of parades and things, and my family went crazy."

Being a sophomore, Brundidge has until next fall to decide whether to stay at West Point He has learned the ropes and feels comfortable in the life now Also he has high hopes for the young Army basketball team He says, "I am positive I will probably stay."

Hall, a junior, is committed "I have mixed feelings about pro ball," he says. "It was always a dream of mine to be recruited by the pros In a way, it's the ultimate for an amateur athlete But I think pro ball is a lot more glamorous on the outside than it really is. You're almost enslaved Right now I play because I love to play and that's the only reason anybody does here at the Academy. You don't get any hennies [benefits] for doing it."

Homer Smith turned 45 on the day of the Penn State game The team, at a lunch stop in the Pocono Mountains during the five-hour bus ride back to the Point, gave him a cake with blue icing and sang happy birthday Smith has been around He has been an assistant at Stanford, the Air Force Academy and UCLA, and he has been head coach at Davidson and the University of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif. Of West Point he says, "This is a remarkable school, full of remarkable experiences and it's fun to sell a good product. Any school could be good that got its students up at six every morning and made them take certain hard things and tested them frequently."

It would be a lot easier to sell his product if Army could produce a bona fide hero or two in the next couple of years. Army football has needed a hero for a long time now. Felix (Doc) Blanchard and Glenn Davis date back to the mid-'40s, a decade and more before any of the current team was born. Pete Dawkins, Army's last Heisman Trophy winner, graduated in 1959

With a little more help from his line, Leamon Hall could lead Army into a new era So could Clennie Brundidge if he stays. But unless Congress rewrites the laws about five-year commitments, West Point football teams will probably not again be competing for national championships Homer Smith is a realist. He wrote recently, "An immediate recruiting objective of this staff is to put talent on the field that can win games regularly against the North Carolinas, Dukes, Vanderbilts, Northwesterns and Baylors, against the major schools which have what those schools have in common."

In the meantime Army is giving the folks at West Point, from plebes to generals, the time of their recent lives. The noise from Michie Stadium these Saturday afternoons is deafening. Tailgaters fill the parking lots from morning until dark. The band plays *On, Brave Old Army Team* over and over and the Corps of Cadets, their gray capes flapping in the autumn winds, bark "Yoos-may, Yoos-may, rah, rah, rah " Et cetera. END

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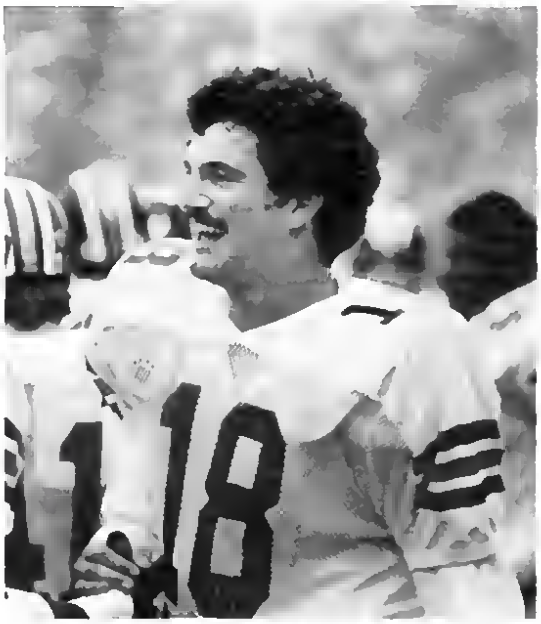
Visits from Missouri are upsetting

THE TIGERS KNOCKED OFF ANOTHER BIG ONE ON THE ROAD, THIS TIME NEBRASKA



WOODS FLASHES HIS GAME-WINNING SMILE

What goes up and down on a string, sometimes getting tangled and at other times performing smooth tricks? It is the Missouri football team.

Some people are under the impression that the Missouri Tigers have become the Missouri Yo-Yos or Roller Coasters or Elevators. Missouri is the kind of team that makes college football a wild trip for those who dabble in school loyalty and/or point spreads. It is a squad with so many ups and downs that the players should take Dramamine before each game.

We have come to expect that the Yo-Yos will race onto the field and beat the brains out of hotshots like Ohio State, Alabama and USC. Then the next week they stumble out and lose to the likes of Catch as Catch Can University and the all-star team from the men's church league. Coach Al Onofrio says, "We don't think of ourselves as a roller coaster team." Maybe, but since 1972 Missouri has scored nine huge upset victories involving the nation's top teams, and six of them have come on the road. But some of the losses in between have caused giggles. And it seems the more injuries Missouri has, the better it does.

This year has been the most unpredictable of all. Mizzou, not generally picked among the Top 20, opened on the Coast against eighth-rated USC. The star of the Missouri team was Steve (Zark) Pisarkiewicz, who was on the verge of breaking all of the legendary Paul Christman's passing records. On the Monday before the game, Steve—who truly believes that today is great but tomorrow will be better—dived for a ball in practice and jammed his shoulder. The next night, he was cleaning out his garage when he gashed the middle finger of his passing hand on a broken bottle. It later took a skin graft and four stitches to put Zark together again. In this condition at USC, he threw for three touchdowns. Tailback Curtis Brown scored three times, and the Yo-Yos absolutely blew the Trojans away, 46–25.

Coming home to play Illinois, ranked 346th, the Tigers promptly got whacked 31–6. And Zark got hurt some more. So Missouri patched up its wounded and went to Columbus (shudder) to play second-ranked Ohio State. This time the quarterback was Pete Woods, who had never started a college game. In a frantic finish, Missouri won 22–21. Said the ever-genial Woods, "This was a good chance for me, and I didn't want to louse it up."

Missouri thumped North Carolina (then undefeated and ranked No. 14), got past weak Kansas State in a struggle but then lost 21–17 to Iowa State. Zark was hurt again in his first action since Illinois. So was Brown. So was one of the two best defensive players, Linebacker Chris Garlich. All of which put Mizzou in perfect shape to go to Lincoln last weekend and play No. 3 Nebraska. "I don't think we're super yet," said Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne, "but we do have the potential to be good. Very, very good." In fact, after a disappointing season-opening tie at LSU, the Cornhuskers had won five straight, averaging 40 points a game, and fans were starting to whisper again that it just might be possible for the team to sneak up on a national championship.

Just the situation Missouri loves. Minus its two best offensive players and trying to cover up an ailing defense. Missouri limped into town. The next day the Tigers thrashed Nebraska 34–24. Osborne, looking like a man who had waited three hours in the rain for a bus, then missed it when he leaned over to tie his shoes, shrugged. "It's just one of those things. Every time we mess up, we seem to be playing Missouri."

Other teams know the feeling. In 1972 Nebraska set down Mizzou 62–0, after which the Yo-Yos, battered and crippled, went to South Bend and beat No. 8 Notre Dame 30–26. In 1974 Wisconsin whipped Missouri 59–20 in a game that was not that close; the next week Missouri went to No. 5 Nebraska, fell behind 10–0 and, out of the confusion, emerged a winner, 21–10. Last year Missouri opened at No. 2 Alabama, and television people worried that 'Bama would be so far ahead at the half that viewers would turn to their woodworking. Mizzou won 20–7. Occasionally the Tigers play giant killer at home, too. They dropped Colorado in 1972, Nebraska in 1973 and Arizona State in 1974; each was in the Top Ten at the time.

Since consistency is viewed as a worthy aspiration, it irks Onofrio greatly that inconsistency is becoming his team's hallmark. It also irks some fans, one of whom tore up his season tickets at the Iowa State game and vowed never to return. "You win a big game," says Onofrio, "and that sets you up as a big target. It's hard to get so many maximum performances in a row." Onofrio also guesses that his team does well in big games on the road because there are fewer distractions.

It has been a tradition at Missouri to

continued

take on difficult schedules. In 1978, for example, Missouri opens at Notre Dame, then returns home to play Alabama. But there are those who say that while big intersectional games may excite fans and bring in big bucks, Missouri perhaps is left too emotionally and physically exhausted to sustain itself in the cannibalistic Big Eight conference battle. Assistant Coach John Kadlec says, "The kind of kids we want like the challenge of playing this kind of schedule." Was the schedule what lured Tailback Dean Leibson here from Corning, N.Y.? "No, actually it was the girls," he says. Maybe Onofrio is right: in Columbia there obviously are distractions

It has become an obsession with Onofrio to try to celebrate wins moderately and minimize agony over defeats. The coaches have talked about the problem and this year are stressing individual and team goals for each game—trying to establish that an intercepted pass against Kansas State is as important as one against Oklahoma. "What I wonder," says Onofrio, staring into a dish of strawberry ice cream, "is whether we are overachieving and winning, or underachieving and losing."

There was no underachieving against Nebraska. Missouri got in the first licks when Rob Fitzgerald intercepted a Vince Ferragamo pass. Woods promptly connected on a 44-yard pass play to Joe Stewart, described by his coaches as roughly 200% improved over last year. Woods then ran it over from a yard away.

After that the points came like a blizzard. Larry Valasek zipped through the Mizzou defense and blocked a Monte Montgomery punt. Kent Smith jumped on it in the end zone, and the Nebraska fans saluted the effort with a barrage of oranges, to hint at where they expected to be the night of Jan. 1. Before the half, Monte Anthony got another Nebraska touchdown; Mizzou answered with a Woods-to-Kellen Winslow nine-yard touchdown pass. Less than a minute later, a Nebraska fumble on its own 20 set up another Missouri score by Woods on a sneak, but then Missouri returned the favor by fumbling and Ferragamo soon got it over. To which Missouri countered with a field goal. Toting up, the score at halftime was Missouri 23, Nebraska 18.

A key to the game came in the third quarter as Missouri bogged down and Nebraska went smoothly from its 18 to the Missouri 21. Although Dodie Donnell, a rugged fullback who insists he does not mind blocking because "I just like to knock people down, and it's better I do it in football than out on the street," lost the ball on a fumble, the Cornhuskers kept at it. An Al Eveland field goal narrowed the gap, and another put Nebraska ahead 24–23. The Cornhuskers were purring now and seemed to have the game under control, particularly when Missouri botched the kickoff return. Pinned back at his two with third and 14, Woods was standing in the mist and fretting about life's cruel ways.

Then came the play. In the dry press box above, Assistant Coach Dick Jamieson ordered the "pro-left, tight, fake dive, 127 Z-Streak." From out of a running formation, Woods let loose a wobbly but true toss that landed in Stewart's hands way down yonder. And at this inopportune moment, a Cornhusker defensive back stumbled. Stewart, who said he was thinking of the importance of holding the ball tight, like while he was running, was alone and home free at last. The 98-yarder was the only pass Woods completed in the second half; the 98-yarder was also a Big Eight record.

A two-point conversion put Missouri ahead 31–24 with 12:50 to play and it was all over when Mark Kirkpatrick, who earlier this year broke a bone in his foot while running backward, intercepted a Ferragamo pass. Tim Gibbons then got his second field goal of the afternoon to give the Tigers their final 10-point margin.

"I've noticed one thing about football," said Onofrio when it was over. "You don't have a chance to beat these big teams if you don't play 'em." For a bunch of Yo-Yos, things were sure looking up once more.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST With home teams finding it tough to win and upsets coming in clusters, Big Eight teams were fit to be tied And that's just what five of them were—Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado, Oklahoma and Oklahoma State sharing first place with 2–1 records.

Early in the week, Charlie Weatherbie of Oklahoma State got the word because of disappointing performances he was not going to be the starting quarterback against the Sooners. With the game barely a minute old, Weatherbie watched from the sidelines as Cowboy Halfback Terry Miller zipped 72 yards for a touchdown. (Miller finished with 159 yards.) And Weatherbie was watching minutes later while Abby Daigle made it 10–0 with a 25-yard field goal. Still watching, he saw the Sooners bounce back to take a 21–13 halftime lead.

Because one of the Cowboy coaches had argued too strenuously that time had not run out at the end of the half, his team was assessed a 15-yard penalty on the second-half kickoff. The Sooners recovered their own onside kick, giving them the ball on State's 28 But from there on the Cowboy defense became obstinate and allowed just 68 yards and one first down. The best the Sooners could do on that first series of plays in the third period was to get a field goal.

Then, with 8:13 left in the period, State fell on an Oklahoma bobble on the Sooner 37. That's when Charlie Weatherbie stopped watching and got into the action. In six plays—one a 16-yard pass—he guided the Cowboys to a score, Skip Taylor going over from six yards out. A Weatherbie-to-Taylor pass was good for a two-point conversion that sliced Oklahoma's margin to 24–21.

Minutes later, the Cowboys punted from deep in their own territory. There followed a remarkable display of ineptitude by the Sooners, one having the punt bounce off his chest, another kicking the ball and a third picking it up and dropping it Cowboy Steve Stephens finally came up with the ball on the State 29. Oklahoma State failed to capitalize on this break, but later the Cowboys took advantage of a 26-yard Sooner punt, Weatherbie climaxing a 43-yard scoring drive with a five-yard pass to Ricky Taylor to take a 28–24 lead with 6:46 left. Daigle booted his third field goal, a 46-yarder after another not-so-booming Sooner punt that went 11 yards.

Following the 31–24 upset victory by the Cowboys, Weatherbie said he had not been bothered by his benching "I was there if needed," he said. "The Lord was on my side. Psalms 37, verses 23 and 24 tell you, 'All good men who walk with the Lord will,' uh ah, I can't remember it now. But it helped in that last half."

Colorado put together five quick scoring drives ranging from 51 to 82 yards to down Iowa State 33–14 Thus the Buffaloes became only the third Big Eight team in 12 conference games to win one at home. Kansas won at Kansas State 24–14.

Visitors also dominated the Big Ten Michigan State slugged Illinois 31–23, Wisconsin beat Northwestern 28–25, Iowa rocked Minnesota 22–12 and Michigan drubbed Indiana 35–0. It was a particularly bad week for Minnesota (3–1 in the Big Ten), which was placed on indefinite probation by the NCAA. The Gophers, who spurted to a 12–0 lead, lost to the Hawkeyes as Bill Schultz scored on 70-

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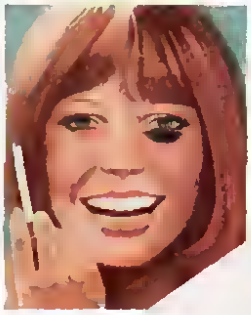

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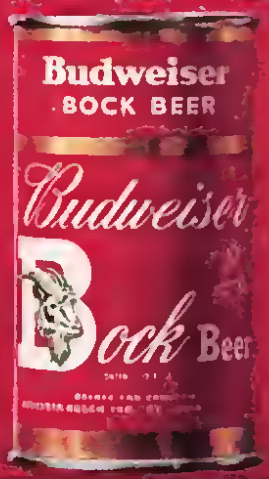

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1976—Today, the "most wanted" beer can of all time: frosty-cold, and filled with Beechwood Aged Bud. (Collect a 6-pak soon!)

and 28-yard pass plays Rob Lytle of Michigan rambled for 175 yards in 25 carries The only home team to win in the Big Ten was Ohio State, which beat Purdue 24–3 But the Buckeyes lost Quarterback Rod Gerald for the season when he suffered three fractured vertebrae Keeping the Buckeye offense going was Tailback Jeff Logan, who picked up 175 yards

Bowling Green (4–1) absorbed its first Mid-American setback, a 9–7 loss to Miami of Ohio First-place Ball State (2–0) took a non-conference game from Appalachian State 20–7 And Ohio U (4–1) lost to outsider William and Mary 20–0

1. MICHIGAN (7–0)
2. MISSOURI (5–2) 3. NEBRASKA (5–1–1)

SOUTHWEST Texas A&M and Texas won by putting their best feet forward, but Arkansas prevailed by utilizing its hands Tony Franklin set an SWC record by booting field goals of 38, 39, 32, 29 and 35 yards for the Aggies against Rice. And teammate George Woodard, a 248-pound fullback, ran for 188 yards and four touchdowns But the Aggies still had trouble finishing off the Owls. Tommy Kramer of Rice, the nation's leader in total offense and pass completions, tossed three TD passes and hit on 24 of 59 attempts for 376 yards Ten of those throws were caught by Doug Cunningham, giving him 47 receptions. The two teams combined for 1,092 yards in total offense, the Aggies setting school marks by rushing for 526 yards and gaining 622 overall as they won 57–34 A&M's points were the most in an SWC game since 1960

Texas nudged SMU 13–12 behind the booming kicks of Russell Erxleben, who had field goals of 57 and 52 yards Erxleben entered the game as the nation's best punter with a 48 6-yard average and kicked five times for an average of 54.2 yards His final punt left the Mustangs with the ball on their own 15 and trailing 13–6 late in the fourth quarter Minutes earlier, Johnny (Lam) Jones had scored Texas' lone touchdown on a dazzling 63-yard sprint. SMU Quarterback Ricky Wesson, who did not start because of a bum elbow, then oiled up his arm and completed three passes for 48 yards With 51 seconds left, Wesson lobbed a two-yard scoring pass to Tight End Robert Fisher, cutting the Longhorn margin to 13–12. Texas held on when, after a five-yard illegal-motion penalty, Wesson's pass for a two-point conversion was batted away

Arkansas, too, had to come through with some late defensive efforts to preserve a 14–7 victory over Houston The Razorbacks grabbed four Cougar fumbles, and Linebacker Larry Jackson ended Houston's last-ditch drive by picking off a pass at his own 17 Ben Cowins of the Razorbacks gained a total of 186 yards, picking up almost half of that on an 89-yard touchdown gallop

In a non-conference game, Texas Tech rambled past Arizona 52–27. Tech tailbacks excelled, Billy Taylor lugging the ball for 173 yards and Larry Isaac for 102

1. TEXAS TECH (5–0)
2. TEXAS (3–1–1) 3. ARKANSAS (4–1)

EAST "I'm hoping I can push that record up so far that no one can ever dream of beating it. I want that record to be mine as long as I'm on this earth " So said Tony Dorsett of Pittsburgh after cracking Archie Griffin's year-old major-college career mark for rushing, doing it on a 32-yard scoring jaunt as Pitt crushed Navy 45–0 With four games to go, Dorsett has 5,206 yards and is a sure bet to surpass the absolute record of 5,297 held by Howard Stevens, who played two seasons for Randolph-Macon, a small college, and two for Louisville Dorsett established two other NCAA records, becoming the first to pick up 1,000 yards in four straight seasons (he has 1,072 so far this year) and erasing Ed Marinaro's mark for carries with 931

Army, Syracuse and Penn State took to the air Leamon Hall (*page 40*) set a Cadet season record for completions (119) as he hit on 16 of 24 passes, but in vain as Army lost to Boston College 27–10. The Eagles powered their way past the Cadets by grinding out 390 yards on the ground Sophomore passers excelled as Syracuse stopped Temple 24–16. Bill Hurley of the Orangemen, who had passed for only 110 yards in his first six games this season, completed 11 of 20 attempts for 193 yards and rushed for another 53 yards And Syracuse Safety Tim Moreseo came through with several last-man tackles to thwart Temple's scoring chances For the Nittany Lions, who dealt West Virginia its first home shutout in 13 years, 33–0, the passing was done by Chuck Fusina, who hit on 15 of 24 throws for 261 yards and two touchdowns

Visiting teams came out on top in all three Ivy League battles Harvard built a 14–0 first-period lead at Princeton and then hung on for a 20–14 decision That left Harvard with a 3–1 Ivy record and tied for first place with Brown and Yale The Elis, who controlled the ball for nearly 45 minutes, whipped Penn 21–7 Yale Running Back John Pagliaro, whose father is a mailman, also did a lot of carrying He tied the Yale record for rushing attempts (33) as he gained 187 yards and scored three times Thirty of Yale's 32 first downs (one short of the Ivy mark) came on the ground as the Bulldogs rushed 84 times for 429 yards. Dartmouth (2–2 in the league) swept to a 35–0 victory at Cornell

The other Ivies played independents, Brown stopping Holy Cross 28–18 and Columbia being smeared 47–0 by Rutgers Although the latter game was played in New Jersey—it was the first collegiate contest at the new Giants Stadium in the Meadowlands—Columbia was the home team That was because the game originally had been scheduled for the Lions' Baker Field As was anticipated, however, it was the Scarlet Knights who made themselves at home In extending their winning streak to 14 games, longest in the country, they recovered seven of Columbia's nine fumbles and gained 537 yards, getting three touchdowns from Halfback Mark Lassiter.

A 17-point fourth-quarter splurge enabled Colgate to down Lafayette 24–14 and remain unbeaten Sophomore Bruce Malverty of the Red Raiders broke loose for an 88-yard scoring run during the uprising and wound up with 179 yards. C W Post had its 10-game victory string snapped by Ithaca 28–7

Powerful ground attacks led Connecticut and Lehigh to wins. The Huskies ran for 281 yards as they handed Massachusetts its first Yankee Conference loss, 28–6 And the Engineers rushed for 360 yards—174 of them by Rod Gardner and 114 by Dave Aprill—as they sank Maine 24–0

1. PITTSBURGH (7–0)
2. RUTGERS (7–0) 3. BOSTON COLLEGE (5–1)

WEST Injuries plagued Pac 8 teams California had to take on UCLA without No. 1 Quarterback Joe Roth and his ace receiver, Wesley Walker, both of whom were hurt Things evened up slightly when Bruin Quarterback Jeff Dankworth, who had led UCLA to a quick 14–0 lead, went to the bench with a hip injury. Roth's sub, Fred Besana, sneaked over for a touchdown and the Bears made it 14–13 on a pair of 41-yard field goals by Jim Breech. Also aiding Cal's cause was Defensive Back Anthony Green, who recovered four UCLA fumbles But then the Bruins stiffened, and Dankworth came back to direct them to three touchdowns and a 35–19 win.

Oregon State lost five players to injuries while playing Southern Cal two middle linebackers, both defensive ends and starting Quarterback Scott Richardson Richardson is the fourth Oregon State quarterback to be injured this season. USC also had a major casualty, Ricky Bell being sidelined with a hip injury after gaining 68 yards in six tries in the first period State was unable to find the replacements it needed, but the Trojans inserted freshman Charles White in Bell's running-back spot and he came through with 107 yards and four TDs in 18 carries as USC breezed 56–0 USC, which amassed 526 yards, supplanted Michigan as the national leader in total offense, 491 7 yards a game to 487 7

Washington got 157 yards rushing from freshman Tailback Joe Steele and 130 more from Fullback Robin Earl to trim Oregon 14–7 The Huskies got the game-winning score on a 72-yard run by Steele in the third period Stanford Tailback Gary Lynn plunged the final yard with 29 seconds left to give the

continued

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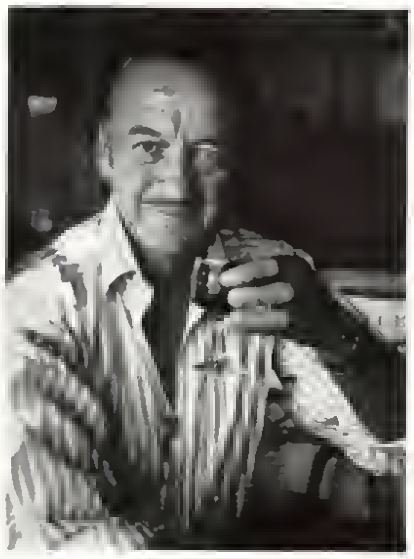

In any issue of **People** you will find people saying very real things about themselves—and others. Like **David Niven**'s "I don't regret my life for a second. It has been so easy" as **People** recently looked into his lively life and his latest book. Or, in the same issue, author **Midge Decter**'s biting commentary on "nice guy" parents, "at the end of all this is hubris—arrogance." Or, again from the same issue a crack like, "95% of the music business is heavily infiltrated by morons"—that from the millionaire music mensch of rock, the dynamic guru of platters himself, **Phil Spector**, in a profile of a man whose lifestyle beats louder than any drum. **People**, as you see, is the very alive picture weekly that is all about everyone—and everything. About all kinds of people being all too human, being awful, awesome or amusing. But never dull. There is a fresh new **People** waiting for you every week at your favorite newsstand or supermarket. Wait till you open it. It's like no other magazine you ever enjoyed.

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Cardinals a 22–16 victory over Washington State.

With sophomore Quarterback Marc Cousins scoring four times and gaining 104 of Wyoming's 465 rushing yards, the Cowboys stopped Utah 45–22 and stayed atop the WAC with a 4–0 record.

Although hampered by injuries, San Diego State downed Cal State-Fullerton 27–14. Doing the job for the Aztecs were a couple of third-stringers, Quarterback Tom Craft completing 16 of 20 passes for 116 yards and Tailback Charlie Crews running for 71 yards.

The Citadel beat Air Force 26–7.

1. UCLA (6–0–1)
2. USC (5–1) 3. WYOMING (6–1)

SOUTH Taking advantage of Kentucky mistakes, Georgia marched to a 31–7 victory. A fumbled punt and a dropped pitchout by the Wildcats set up two Georgia scores. Later, Kentucky botched up a pair of long drives by incurring 15-yard penalties deep in Bulldog territory. And a 37-yard field goal try by Kentucky glanced off the goalpost and bounced away. Still, the Wildcats were down only 17–7 in the third period, and their hopes rose when they punted the ball to the Bulldog one-yard line. But Georgia went 99 yards to score, Ray Goff passing to Gene Washington for the final 87. Kentucky finished with more first downs and more total yards, but could not keep the opportunistic Bulldogs from improving their Southeastern Conference record to 3–1.

Remaining on top of the SEC was Florida (3–0), which rallied from a 10–0 deficit to cut down Tennessee 20–18. The Gators tied the score in the second quarter on Quarterback Jimmy Fisher's two-yard keeper and a 42-yard field goal by David Posey. A seven-yard touchdown scamper by Willie Wilder and Posey's 33-yard field goal put Florida in front 20–10. Tennessee made it close on a late two-yard scoring plunge by Stanley Morgan, who then added a two-point conversion after taking a pitchout. But the Vols' onside kick was recovered by the Gators, who ran out the clock. Florida will battle for first place this Saturday with Auburn, which beat independent Florida State 31–19. Mississippi stopped Vanderbilt 20–3, Alabama cruised past Louisville 24–3, and Mississippi State edged Southern Mississippi 14–6.

"This game could be the season for us," said Duke Coach Mike McGee before facing Maryland at home in a contest between two teams undefeated in Atlantic Coast Conference competition. Maryland never let Duke get inside its 20 en route to a 30–3 victory.

In other conference games, Virginia held off Wake Forest 18–17 and North Carolina State zapped Clemson 38–21. North Carolina faced East Carolina, ranked 20th in one poll, and came away with a 12–10 victory. The Tar Heels did not score a touchdown, but got field goals of 31, 24 and 17 yards from Tom Biddle and a 49-yarder from Jeff Arnold to hand the Pirates their first loss.

Notre Dame equaled a record set by its 1946 squad, running its string of quarters without giving up a touchdown to 20 in a 13–6 victory over South Carolina. To accomplish this, the Irish had to clamp down on Gamecock Quarterback Ron Bass, who went into the contest as the second most accurate passer (62.1%) in the country. Against Notre Dame he completed only four of 14, and the only scores for South Carolina came on field goals. Irish Halfback Al Hunter rambled for 181 yards in 32 trips.

Three other visitors to the South did not fare as well. Wichita State was shut out 31–0 by Memphis State, Kent State lost 42–14 to Virginia Tech and TCU was defeated 49–0 by Miami. For the seventh game in a row, Memphis State Quarterback Lloyd Patterson tossed two touchdown passes. Only 10,539 fans were on hand in the 80,010-seat Orange Bowl to see Miami end its four-game losing streak. That meant that 69,471 people did not see Quarterback E. J. Baker run for 54 yards and connect on 10 of 19 passes for 191 yards and two touchdowns.

Also playing before its smallest home crowd of the season was Georgia Tech, which came from behind to defeat Tulane 28–16 before 31,214. Tech trailed 16–14 with less than five minutes remaining when Halfback David Sims hit Split End John Steele with a 25-yard scoring pass. Coach Pepper Rodgers denied he had made derogatory comments about press coverage of his team, which is now 3-3-1. "I'd never say anything bad about the papers," Rodgers insisted. "I don't have to explain my actions. I'm not going to be like Jimmy Carter and talk about my innermost feelings. Just say Pepper Rodgers has been lusting for a win."

Tennessee Tech moved to the top of the Ohio Valley Conference with a 3–0 record, knocking off Morehead State 28–23 while Eastern Kentucky (3–1) was toppled by Western Kentucky 10–6.

1. MARYLAND (7–0)
2. GEORGIA (6–1) 3. FLORIDA (5–1)

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Pittsburgh Tailback Tony Dorsett, in breaking the career record for rushing yardage, rambled for 180 yards and three touchdowns (he has 12 this season) in 27 carries as the Panthers drubbed Navy 45–0.

DEFENSE: Arkansas downed Houston 14–7, in no small part because Defensive End Dennis Winston made six solo tackles, assisted on three others and recovered three Cougar fumbles, two inside the Hogs' 15-yard line.

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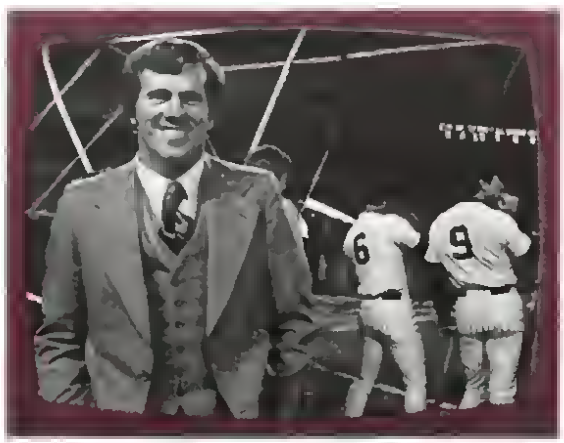
by WILLIAM LEGGETT

SHOW BIZ VS. KNOW BIZ



DURING THE WORLD SERIES, TONY KUBEK HAD THE INSIDE INFO

The big question for a baseball fan at the time of the playoffs was whether to turn his television set on or not. Both the American and the National League championship series were being broadcast by ABC, the network that handles baseball as delicately as a bear handles a gingersnap. Show biz. Razzmatazz. Bad camerawork. Poor direction. In its first season of televising major league baseball since 1965, ABC's most memorable moment had been a delightful, forgivable slip of the tongue during the All-Star Game by Announcer Warner Wolf. Describing Mickey Rivers of the Yankees, he said, "Watch him flip his bat like a blaton tirler." A lackluster record like that was almost—but not quite—enough to make a knowledgeable fan listen to the playoffs on radio.

Switching on the tube turned out to be the right decision, at least for the first day of the playoffs. Covering the Royals-Yankees game were Bob Uecker, Outfielder-turned-Colorman Reggie Jackson and, goodness gracious, Howard Cosell. Bowie Kuhn, the man who almost runs baseball, fought fiercely to keep Cosell off the air. Kuhn's gripe was that Cosell had blasted baseball in the past. What Kuhn overlooked was that while Cosell was often too strident in his criticism, he also was often right. That Cosell won the battle of the broadcast booth was an asset in the American League opener. He served as a catalyst between Uecker and Jackson and did a worthwhile interview with Kansas City Groundkeeper George Toma. And Jackson did a fine job of interviewing losing Manager Whitey Herzog after the game, except when he asked Herzog the bewildering question, "Who will be your pitcher of record tomorrow?"

When tomorrow came, Uecker was replaced by Keith Jackson, which meant that one of the year's most important baseball games was being covered by two football announcers and a player with one game of broadcasting experience. Real trouble set in. Overnight Reggie Jackson had contracted a case of the babbles. He said that Royals Pitcher Dennis Leonard was "throwing good, moving the ball around." Leonard was gone by the third inning, when the Royals brought in Paul Splittorff. Jackson said Splittorff "can't find his rhythm, he's been away too long." Splittorff pitched six shutout innings. Reggie was not alone in the babble brigade. Keith Jackson and Cosell joined him in talking during pitches, during plays, during everything but the commercials. Once again ABC had allowed its announcers to take precedence over the event they were reporting. Razzmatazz.

Jackson, Jackson & Cosell then moved to New York for Game 3 and show biz really took over. Instead of using odd moments during the telecast to show replays from that afternoon's dramatic National League game in Cincinnati, ABC gave us interviews with baseball luminaries Frank Sinatra, Bruce Jenner and Hammerin' Henry Kissinger. Cosell's talk with Kissinger was remarkable. He insisted that the Secretary of State had been in New York on April 15 for the reopening of Yankee Stadium. Kissinger said not so. Cosell insisted again. Kissinger demurred once more. At that point, I said to myself, "Outside of Nancy, who cares?" Cosell did. He left viewers with the impression that Kissinger does not know where he is, at least some of the time. To set the record straight, the Secretary's log for April 15 shows that he was not at Yankee Stadium.

Meanwhile, there were the National League playoffs, which opened in Philadelphia. Announcers Al Michaels and Tom Seaver, when he remembered to control his cackling laugh, were good, but the cameramen must have shot the games from Bookbinders restaurant. They repeatedly were focused on the wrong base runner or outfielder.

By the end of the third American League game, it was time to turn off the TV, switch on CBS radio (Ned Martin and Ernie Harwell were excellent) and begin waiting for the World Series on NBC-TV.

There seemed no way that network could do a better job than it did with the '75 Series, but it did. For one thing, Joe Garagiola and Tony Kubek did not talk as much as they did a year ago. And they were well prepared. Kubek broke one of the cardinal rules of broadcasting by actually attending playoff games his network was not telecasting. He came up with much more inside baseball information and far more complete scouting reports on players than the network baseball telecasts usually provide. He is no gonzo journalist, but he does call a bad play a bad play. And Kubek knows how to make his verbal descriptions fit the picture, a rare gift among former players turned broadcasters. His expertise helped NBC smother ABC in postseason baseball.

Despite NBC's fine work, the question remains: How many playoff and Series games should be played in prime time? This year there were seven, and that's too many. Night games in October take too much away from the sport—sunshine, fans sitting comfortably without needing arctic outfits, the tricky problems caused by falling shadows. Hitters should not require a hot-water bottle—as Graig Nettles did in the Sunday night Series game—to warm up their bats. Kuhn should not make a spectacle of himself by appearing coatless in 43° weather, as he did in Cincinnati, in an attempt to make palatable his decision to take $700,000 from NBC to switch the Sunday game from daylight to darkness.

It is feared that all the Series games may be played at night next year. That would be unfortunate; October evenings are just too cold. After all, baseball was never intended to be the winter game. END

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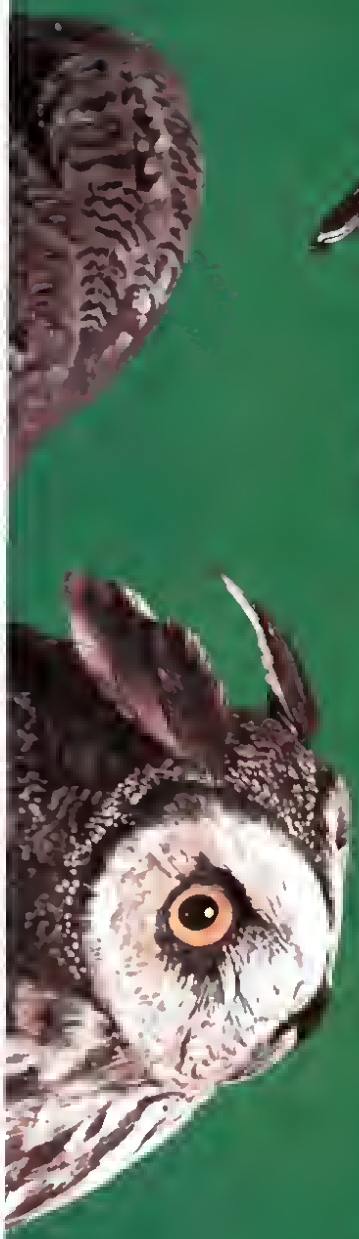
JOHN SCHEELER'S LONG-EARED OWL

HANS BOLTE'S CANADA GOOSE



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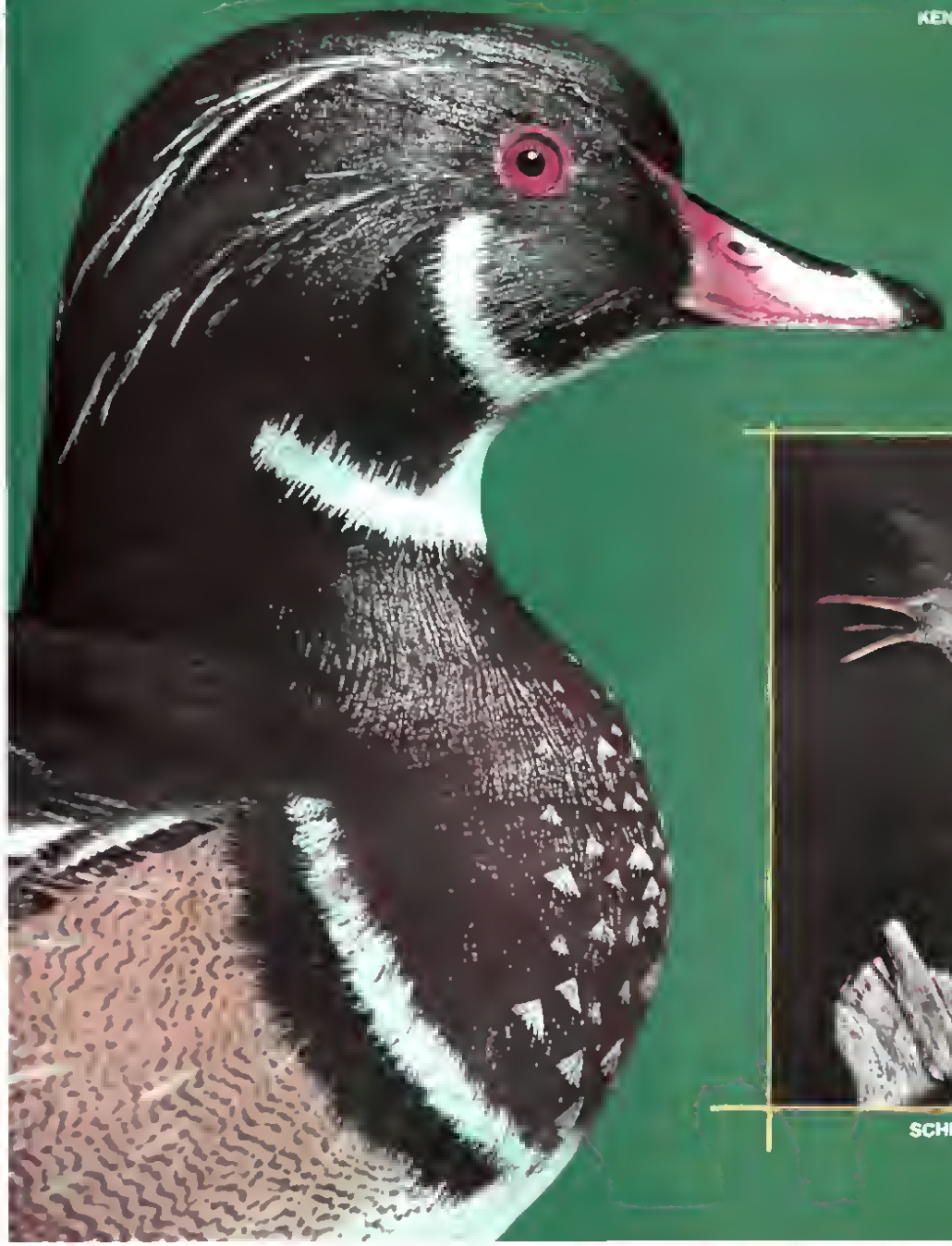
NEW AND OLD-STYLE BLACK DUCKS

CONTINUED

KEN GLEASON'S SCOTER

DAN BROWN'S WOOD DUCK



SCHEELER'S CLAPPER RAIL

GLEASON CARVES A PIED-BILLED GREBE HEAD

Years ago, so the story goes, a German firm manufactured a strand of wire of the finest diameter ever made. Proud of the accomplishment and eager to boast about their talent, the Germans sent the strand to a rival wire company in Switzerland. The Swiss returned the strand and suggested that the Germans look at the wire under a microscope. They did and discovered that the Swiss had drilled holes through it.

Attention to such minuscule detail has not yet gone that far among carvers of decorative duck decoys and birds, but it is getting there, as inspection of the birds shown here, all winners last March at the U.S. National Decoy Show in Babylon, N.Y., will attest. By way of example, take the long-eared owl (page *60*) by John Scheeler of Mays Landing, N.J., who may well be the best bird carver in the world. He fashioned the head, body and legs from a single block of bass wood, while the wing and tail feathers were rendered individually and then slotted into place. The mussel shells with the clapper rail on the opposite page were also carved from wood. But despite the beauty of his work, Scheeler is never satisfied. He is constantly driven to better it. Although he won with the owl at Babylon, he went home and made a mouse from wood and inserted it in the owl's beak. The owl and mouse then qualified for the two-part piece, life-size decorative class at the big decoy show in Salisbury, Md., and there the combination won the best-in-the-world ribbon and a cash prize of $3,500.

Decoy carving is a native American art that dates back to the mid-19th century. Masters such as Nathan Cobb, Harry Shourds, A. Elmer Crowell, Albert Laing, Ben Holmes and Shang Wheeler carved classic birds. Most all their birds were "smoothies" because they were made to be shot over; individual feathering would have been impractical. Purely decorative carving, which has been around for some years, got a boost in 1969 when George Walker of Chesterfield, N.J., who supplies many decoy makers with materials and equipment, began selling them the Foredom Power Tool originally used by dental technicians and jewelry hobbyists. Until then decoys had been made by hand carving or whittling, but the power tool, which operates at 14,000 rpm, dispensed with most of the knife work. "With the power tool your work just flows," says Walker. "It improves the work of the average carver by 30% to 40%. In the right hands it can do an absolutely terrific job."

John Scheeler obviously has the right hands. Like a number of the top decorative carvers, he is a relative newcomer. He was an industrial painter in 1970 when he met a man who was making models of horses with a power tool. He was intrigued and started turning out some animal models of his own. "I wasn't even doing decoys, but a friend asked me to come on down with him to the decoy show in Salisbury," Scheeler says. "That's when I really got interested. It's got to be that 98% of the carvers use the power tool now. With the knife blade, you have to go with the grain, but with the tool you can go with the grain, against the grain and across the grain. Foredom isn't the only power tool. There's a Dumore and a Dremmel, but the Foredom's the most popular. I form the whole bird with the power tool and then cut all the feathers with a knife. I burn all the barbs in each feather with a burning pen, and then I paint with artist's oils. I go over a bird two or three times because you've got to use very thin paint." By his own reckoning, Scheeler spent 450 hours making the clapper rail and 600 hours on the owl and mouse.

Curiously, Scheeler's early work went unappreciated. In 1971 he entered a very realistic broadbill decoy in the Salisbury show. The judges threw it out. "They weren't ready for it," says Ken Gleason of Darien, Conn., a carver who bought it. "I'm one of probably four people in the world who own a Scheeler." It is next to impossible now to buy a Scheeler because of a plastic products millionaire named Douglas E. Miller, who lives in

continued

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suburban Denver. Miller has Scheeler, William Schultz of Milwaukee and Ron Tepley of Racine under exclusive contract, and he gets six birds a year from each of them. A number of well-to-do collectors have since gotten interested in contemporary decoratives—the price for a bird can be as high as $10,000—but Miller got the jump in 1972 when he visited a decoy show in Davenport, Iowa that "blew my mind. I wanted to rush out and buy everything in sight."

Since then Miller has bought more than 1,500 birds, and he has many of them on exhibit at the Denver Museum of Natural History, the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County and the Birmingham Museum of Art. Like a Renaissance patron, Miller credits his own patronage with the creation of great birds. "Quality has surged because a collector came along willing to pay the price," he says

Nowadays there are about 30 top carvers who compete on the decoy-show circuit. The circuit extends from Babylon (the oldest show) to Salisbury and other hot spots in Maryland, out to California and up into Canada. The old racetrack adage of horses for courses applies to carvers and different species of birds. Hans Bolte of Troy, Mich. is becoming known for his Canada geese, and Jay Polite of New Castle, Del. won best of show with a black duck at Babylon. His winner is contrasted with a working decoy on page 61. Ken Gleason favors naturally drab-looking ducks such as the hen scoter on page 62. "I'm after a very soft bird with no sheen," he says.

When not carving for a show, the best carvers find it difficult to keep up with collectors' commissions. "People like a carved bird, and they go for the decorative bird," says Gleason, who gets $450 for a duck. "Everybody likes to have a decoy on the mantle, even a clunker. It's very American." Any number of collectors or just plain drop-ins at a decoy show get interested in making birds themselves. "People who start it, they can't get away from it," says Gleason. "You can get into it for $250, $350 So many people are starting to carve that I just can't see it peaking."

No one is happier to have started a carving career than John Scheeler. As he says with a smile, "For me now, every day is Saturday." END

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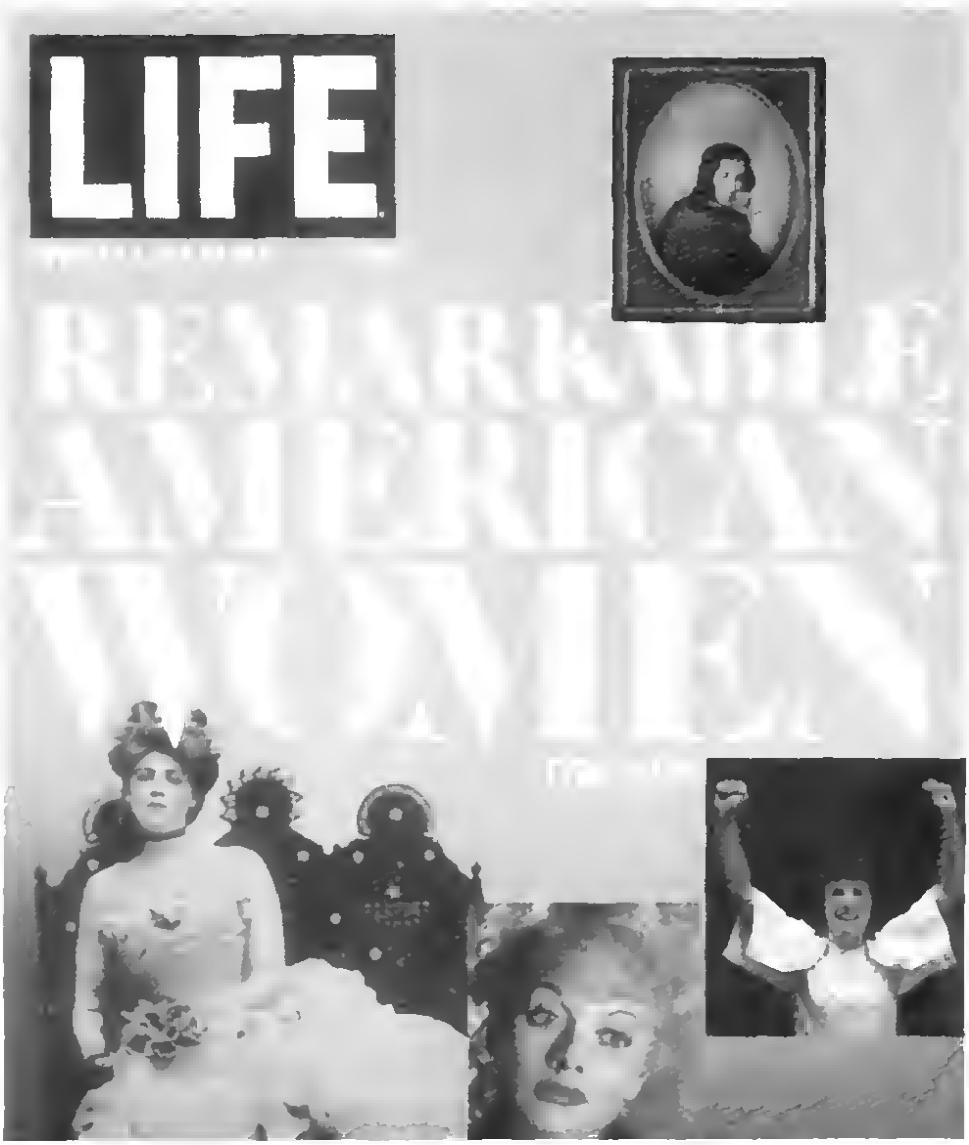

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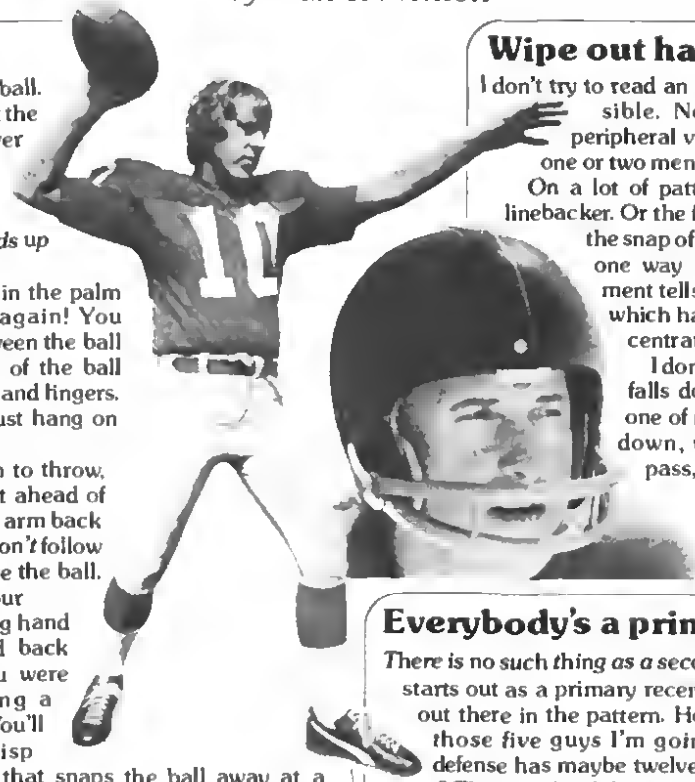
HOW TO EARN YOUR STRIPES

by Fran Tarkenton



How to pass.

You've just thrown the ball. Is your thumb pointing at the sky? Wrong! You'll never throw a good pass that way. As you release the ball, your hand should *rotate so your thumb ends up pointing at the ground.*

Do you hold the ball in the palm of your hand? Wrong again! You should see daylight between the ball and your palm. Control of the ball comes from your thumb and fingers. (If your hand is small, just hang on the best way you can.)

As you cock your arm to throw, push your other arm out ahead of you. Then pull that other arm back strongly as you throw. *Don't* follow through after you release the ball.

Flick your throwing hand out and back like you were cracking a whip. You'll get a crisp release that snaps the ball away at a good velocity.

Wipe out half the field.

I don't try to read an entire coverage. It's impossible. Nobody's got that kind of peripheral vision. My system is to read one or two men.

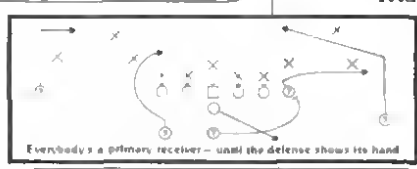
On a lot of patterns, I'll read the middle linebacker. Or the free safety. As soon as I get the snap of the ball, they're committed one way or the other. Their movement tells me where I'm going to go, which half of the field I should concentrate on.

I don't care if the defensive back falls down on the other side, and one of my guys is jumping up and down, waving for a touchdown pass, there's no way I'm going to see him. I've already wiped that half of the field out of my mind.

Everybody's a primary receiver.

There is no such thing as a secondary receiver. Everybody starts out as a primary receiver. I might have five guys out there in the pattern. How can I be sure which of those five guys I'm going to throw to when the defense has maybe twelve different coverages it can run? The way the defense revolves is what dictates who my receiver is going to be.

It takes study—and good coaching—for a quarterback to learn who are the one or two people to read on each pass pattern. Read the right men, and they'll tell you who your primary receiver is.



Everybody's a primary receiver—until the defense shows its hand.

I play for the fun of it.

I love to play football as much as anything in the world. Even after all these years. I could be making millions of dollars a year outside of football, and I'd still play.

The most meaningful thing for me isn't winning this game or that championship. It's the struggle, the hope of getting to someplace. Sometimes you succeed, sometimes you don't... just like life. But you're using all the resources within yourself—combined with the resources of 42 other guys—to try and reach a goal.

And that is the fun of football.

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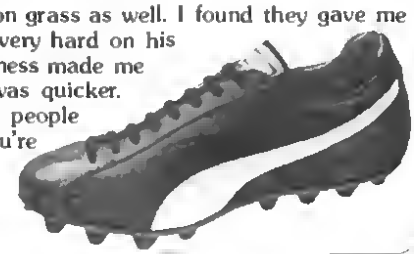

PUMA

When you've earned your stripes.

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A gambler plays out his toughest hand

EVEN AFTER NIKI LAUDA DROPPED OUT OF THE RAIN-SOAKED JAPANESE GRAND PRIX, JAMES HUNT STILL HAD TO GO ALL OUT TO CAPTURE THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

It was a notably untidy season in Grand Prix racing, but last Sunday's finale in Japan, although no masterpiece, at least produced a world champion. The new king is James Hunt of Great Britain, the victor by one point over last year's champion, Niki Lauda. By finishing third in Japan, Hunt just did overtake the Austrian, whose return to racing after a gruesome accident had been an act of extraordinary courage. By refusing to risk his neck further after two racing laps on the rain-lashed Fuji course, Lauda removed any possiblity of the kind of wheel-to-wheel showdown that might have been. Who would cavil at that decision? Having inhaled flame, having heard his own last rites and having survived to race again, Lauda had already proved enough.

The particular surprise in Japan was the victory of America's Mario Andretti, a fine driver whose hard luck since his 1969 Indy 500 win has become legendary. Andretti outsmarted the field on a circuit that was fast, wide, short (2.615 miles) and in normal conditions unchallenging. But this race was run in a downpour most men wouldn't want to be out in driving a cozy Cadillac with three-speed wipers and a windshield treated with Rain-X, let alone behind the wheel of a 180-mph race car with an open cockpit, driving through rivulets running across the course while trying to stare through a thick wake thrown up by the bulging tires of a pack of like machines.

And on a circuit few of the drivers knew. It was bad enough being in a country whose road signs they couldn't read, where the language barrier was insurmountable and menus featured raw fish. That's all part of the hazards of the drivers' intercontinental trade. And although it is dreaded, so is rain. But this was a deluge.

For eight solid hours preceding the race it had poured. Then came fog. First you could see, then you couldn't. The drivers conferred, the organizers dithered, the administrators strutted, and the 55,000 Japanese spectators learned the slow handclap from mechanics, as the race was delayed in the faint hope the sun would appear over the top of Mount Fuji, like a Japanese flag come to life.

One hour and 39 minutes late, the race was started in the same rainstorm that had created the delay. "Let me tell you it was dangerous out there," said Ireland's John Watson, who spun on the first turn of the first lap, then rejoined the race for 39 more spirited, and dangerous, laps until the engine of his Penske blew. "For the first three laps we were aquaplaning all over the place," Watson added. "The visibility was terrible; I couldn't even see down the straight."

Hunt got a tremendous start—something he is not famous for—and that may have saved the race. He came out of the ruck of the accelerating pack sandwiched between Watson and Andretti and slewed out of the corner in first. That extra bit of foot on the floor gave Hunt clear vision of the track (for all of the 200 yards anyone could see in the downpour) and gave his competition a lot of spray on their visors.

Before the race, Lauda was asked what his tactics would be; he simply flattened his hand into a footlike silhouette and let it drop. Niki's message was very clear.

But, unlike Hunt, he never initiated those tactics. He started third on the grid, behind Andretti, and in two laps 18 cars had passed him. He pulled his Ferrari into the pits, shut off his ignition, stepped out of the car, and said, "It's too dangerous out there. It's suicide. There are more important and valuable things in life than winning the world driving championship."

Then he got into a private automobile and left the circuit and his championship behind him.

"It was a very emotional moment for him," said his Ferrari mechanic. "He just couldn't continue."

When Hunt's McLaren crew signaled that Lauda was out, he knew fourth place would be enough to clinch the title. He would earn three points, tie Lauda on

continued

NEITHER LAUDA (LEFT) NOR HUNT MET THE JAPANESE STANDARDS OF DIGNIFIED ATTIRE

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points—and because of his six victories to Lauda's five, he would come out on top. Hunt, who had started beside pole-sitter Andretti on the front row, led comfortably for 61 of the 73 laps. By then the rain had stopped and even snow-peaked Mount Fuji became visible for a moment. The drying track turned a test of nerve into a game of strategy. It was inevitable that the volcanic surface of the track eventually would begin chunking the deeply grooved rain tires; the question was when.

Andretti knew the answer: it depends. Drive hard, and the answer is anytime: drive carefully, and the answer is maybe not at all. "I've had a bit of experience at this, so I just counted the laps by watching the tower scoreboard," Andretti said. "I saw where I was and I stayed back to save my tires. I've lost too many races the other way, going flat-out like Hunt."

Hunt wanted to change tires, but his crew signaled him to keep charging.

"I knew the tires were absolutely knackered," said Hunt "I was coaxing them, just trying to finish fourth."

With 12 laps remaining, Hunt's left rear tire sprung a leak: Andretti and Patrick Depailler in the six-wheeled Tyrrell both passed Hunt's McLaren. "The crew still wanted me to carry on," said Hunt, "so now I was just trying to limp home."

Then with six laps left and Hunt hanging on to his piece of the world championship by almost-visible threads, the left front tire burst. "It could have created quite a moment on the track," he said, "but it didn't. I was ready for it."

Now with two flat tires, his car reeling like a lame dog, Hunt had to pit. His crew changed to dry-weather slicks in 28 seconds, but their scorer lost track of Hunt's position in the excitement of the pit stop. The crew signaled Hunt he was sixth, but shrugged as they held up the position board. It was only a guess.

McLaren's chief mechanic, Alistair Caldwell, ran to the Lotus pits and asked Colin Chapman for the position of his No. 2 driver, Gunnar Nilsson, who, the McLaren crew reckoned, was fifth. "Sorry, mate," said Chapman, "no way."

"I had no idea whatsoever where I was," said Hunt. "All I could do was shut my eyes, drive as fast as I could and pass as many cars as I could I was driving for all I was worth."

Foot on the floor, Hunt passed Nilsson and found himself behind Clay Regazzoni, Lauda's Ferrari teammate. If Regazzoni could hold off Hunt, then the championship would still be Lauda's. The Briton did not give Regazzoni the chance. "He didn't even see me coming," said Hunt. "He and Alan Jones were busy racing each other, and I just drove around them both on the outside."

On the last lap, Hunt caught sight of Depailler, who had pitted to change a flat tire. "I thought for sure I had to pass Patrick or it would be all over," Hunt said, but he fell short at the finish line by one car length. "I really thought we had blown the championship," Hunt said.

When Hunt pulled into his pit after the finish, he begged a cigarette from his boss, Teddy Mayer, who looked him in the eye and said, "You're a champion!" Hunt didn't believe it until he heard it from an official. And when it sank in, he threw up.

Hours after the race, claiming to be "absolutely drunk," as he had promised he would be the day before, win or lose, Hunt nevertheless had some sensible things to say: "I think it was really a brave

continued

MARIO ANDRETTI WAS THE QUICKEST QUALIFIER UNDER SNOW-CAPPED MOUNT FUJI, THEN KEPT HIS COOL TO WIN IN THE RAIN

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decision for Niki to stop. I really feel for him. Under the circumstances he was incredibly courageous. To tell you the truth, I feel that the race should not have been started in those conditions. Niki's decision not to carry on was perfectly reasonable; in his situation, with the accident at Nürburgring and everything, who wouldn't have made the same choice?

"It's a difficult thing, you know, because of course I wanted to win the championship, and I feel I deserved it. But I also feel Niki deserved it. It would have been nice if we could have shared it, but . . . well, Niki had his turn last year."

Although the qualifying sessions had been clear and dry, Hunt had had to extend himself even then. He set the benchmark time in the first session on Friday morning. But in the afternoon five other drivers had qualified quicker than he. And the next day, in the third and final session, he was unable to improve his grid position until two laps from the end. "I suddenly decided we'd done just about everything to the car that could be done," Hunt said. "There was only one way I was going to get myself up front and that was by putting my foot down as far as it would go." He did, and it was good enough to vault him onto the front row of the 24-car grid.

But Hunt seemed to know it was going to rain the next day. "A race in funny conditions is in the long run to my advantage, as it is to any of the drivers who are thinkers," he had said. "But in the short run, it's a lottery. It's not what I want. I want to win the world championship in a straight fight on straight merit, under proper conditions with no outside factors. No politics, no rain. It will be bad on Niki, to come back after an accident like his and be expected to race in a bloody mess."

Hunt had been facing bloody messes all season himself. He had been counted out in the first half of the year when Lauda was sweeping the board. He had his victory at Spain taken from him; later it was reinstated. At the German GP the winner's trophy tarnished in his hands when Lauda crashed. And he had had another trophy dashed from those hands when his earlier win at the British GP was disallowed after a protest. He appeared to be out of it after the Italians consigned him to the back of the grid at Monza and he had crashed trying to pass the entire field. Then he

had come storming back with wins at Canada and Watkins Glen to move to within three points of Lauda.

Now it is his turn to be champion, and he will take it with style—his own, to be sure, which not everyone can appreciate. At least not the waiters at Hunt's hotel in Mount Fuji, one of whom, upon seeing the future world champion playing backgammon in the restaurant wearing a T shirt and no shoes, remarked, "This is not a playhouse, Mr. Hunt." To which Hunt replied, "But the whole world is a playhouse."

Despite his playboy image, Hunt's private conversation often indicates a carefully thought-out philosophy. "I have no models," he says. "I try to pick up the good bits from anywhere, to learn from the strengths. To be like someone else is at best to confuse yourself, at worst to destroy yourself.

"I've always wanted to be an international celebrity. Now that I am, I'm not so sure about it. The main problem is that I can lose my individuality. I need a private life, but now I have to have bouncers at my birthday parties. Success has a lot of edges. I've seen others get inured to it, and it's bad news; I don't want that to happen to me. It would get in the way of a professional performance." That is a remarkable statement for a supposed devil-may-care driver.

But then this was both a remarkable and desperate season. It was a season of bickering, but also one of miraculous resurrections. It was the first season in years without a fatality. It saw two new races added to the schedule, Long Beach in the U.S. and Mount Fuji, and two successful new cars, the Tyrrell and Penske.

Most of all, it brought to the forefront a superb challenger and champion; a man who deserved the championship has won it, and another who merited it lost it.

Lauda will have to endure unworthy criticism, such as this from one driver: "It was a case of no guts, plain and simple." He will have to endure amateur psychiatrists suggesting that the only reason he drove so well in the first three races after his crash was because he couldn't remember the crash.

By the margin of a single point, Lauda was deposed. It was his choice not to race—and in light of Hunt's misadventures he might easily have kept the championship. Hunt took the risk and won **END**

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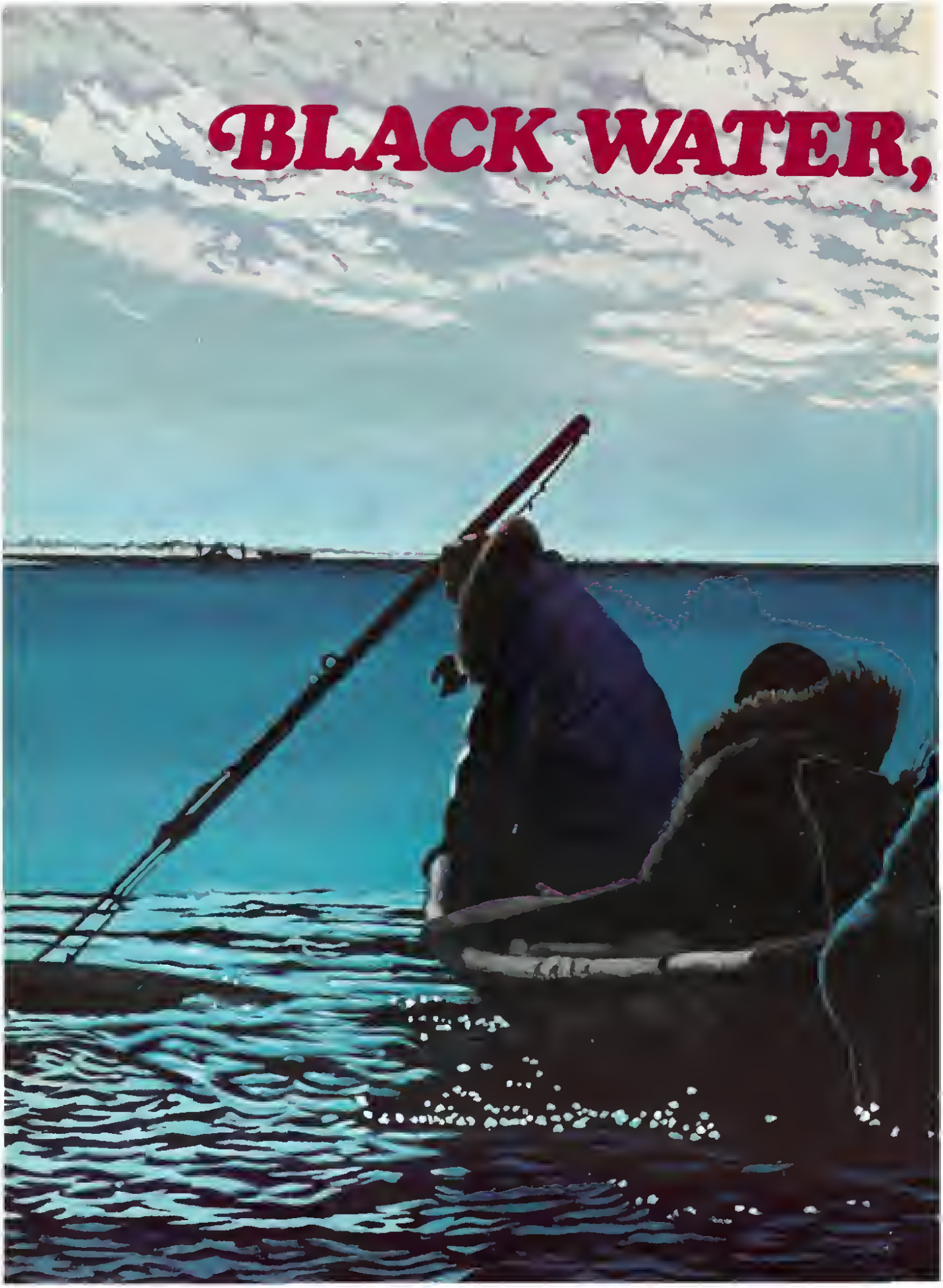
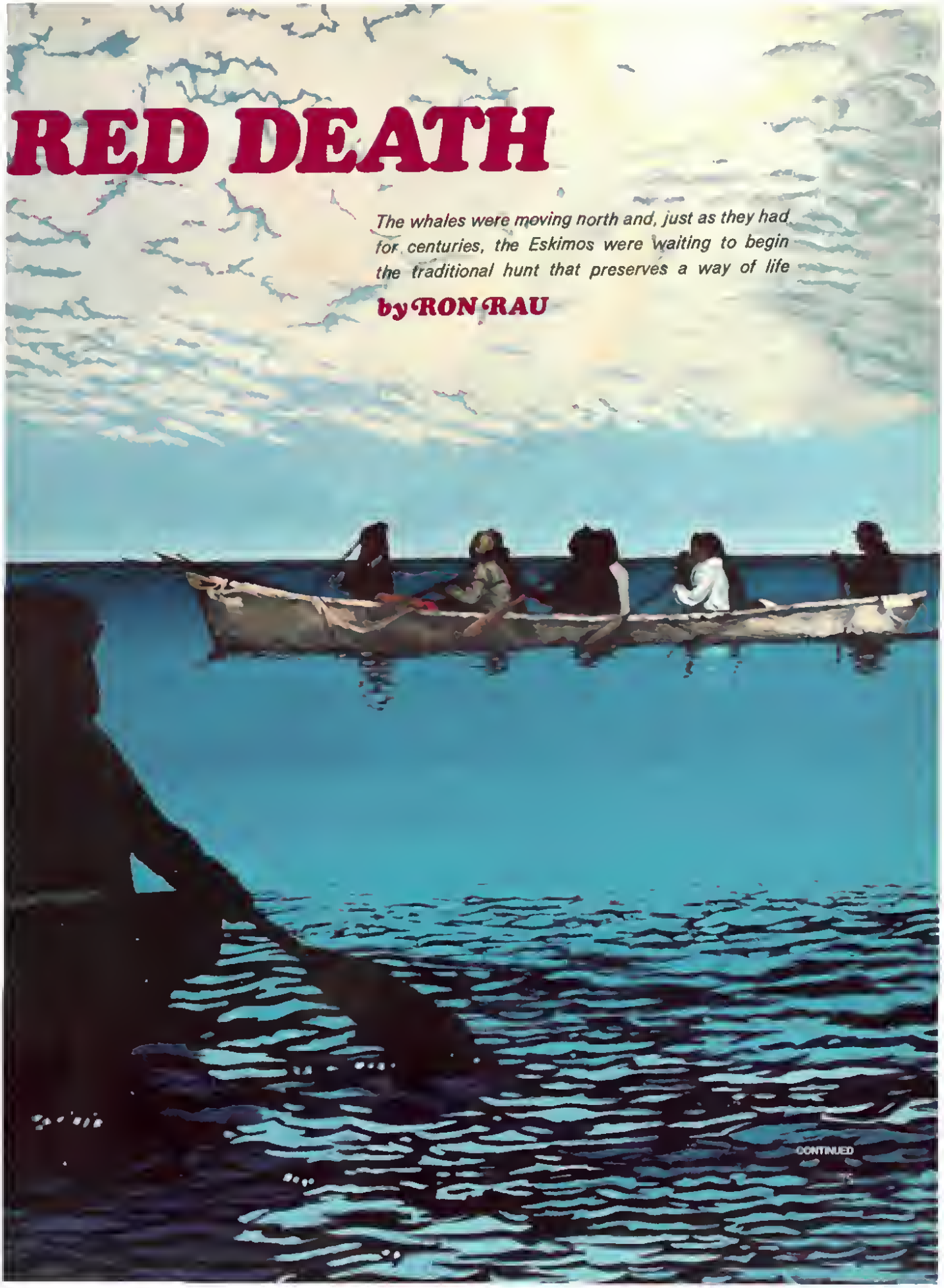


RED DEATH

The whales were moving north and, just as they had for centuries, the Eskimos were waiting to begin the traditional hunt that preserves a way of life

by RON RAU



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Everything was moving north except the wind and the sea gulls. The wind blew from the northeast and the gulls circled overhead, landing in the water and then getting up again and traveling in any direction there might be food. But the creatures of interest, the seabirds and the whales, all were traveling north in the spring migration. Of the two species of birds, the murres and the eider ducks, only the ducks interested the people. Every camp had at least two shotguns mixed in with its assortment of firearms. The shotguns were for the eider ducks. The rifles were for seal and polar bear, in the event one wandered by.

Moving north also were two species of whale. There was the small torpedolike beluga, the adults perhaps 12 to 15 feet long, playful and delicate and milk-white. Miniature Moby Dicks. There was something ethereal about them, small white whales weaving in and out of the black brackish waters of the ocean. They interested the Eskimos because they were hunted when no black whales came. But today it was the big black whales, the bowheads, the Eskimos wanted. They were out there, too. A few had already been sighted and chased.

The northeast wind had broken the ice just a mile from the village, and it seemed the whole population milled at the ice edge, looking out into the open water. You could see the dark frame structures of Point Hope by climbing one of the high ice ridges and looking shoreward.

Men sat or stood on these ridges but no one looked toward the village. All eyes searched the open water, or the lead, which was only two or three hundred yards wide. To the south, the black water extended as far as the eye could see. Open water ran north, too, to the distant point where the ice curved, describing the shoreline. There was no reason to believe that the open water did not extend as far north as it did south.

It was a world of black and white, austere and uncomplicated; there was the sky and the ocean and the ice. Through the sky passed the flocks of migrating birds, but much of the time it was empty. The birds were in the ocean, too, the black-and-white murres bobbing carelessly close to the ice, the eiders, when they were not flying, staying farther out in the open water. The white whales were easily seen in the black water, always swimming north. Sometimes an hour would pass without them and then another pod would pass, 10, 15 or 20 white shadows, usually with five or six swimming side by side. On the ice the people watched and waited for the black whales.

I waited with them, just four days removed from the din and clatter of Fairbanks: pedestrians, jet planes, shopping centers, the cash-money survival. Five years ago I had worked on a construction job with Joe Frankson, Joe Towksejea and John Tingook, all three Eskimos from Point Hope. Come up and go whaling with us, they had said. So here I was, removed from my element and into theirs, just as they had come from the village into the white man's world. I had spent two days waiting for the ice to move. "Who checks to see if the ice opens?" I asked.

"Oh, someone. Someone will know."

The ice opened late the next afternoon. Someone certainly found out about it and word spread like choice gossip through the village. Within 15 minutes every snowmobile in town that would run was fired up and pulling sleds full of gear and people toward the ice. I hadn't packed yet for the boat. In characteristic Eskimo fashion—they like you to learn from experience—all Joe Frankson had told me was "dress warm and bring some white man's food in case you can't eat ours." I had warm enough clothes and I had four pounds of cheese in case my system resented seal oil and *muktuk*, but I also had things like a spotting scope and hip boots and two different kinds of winter boots strewn about the bunkhouse in front of Joe's red frame home.

It took half an hour to pack everything. I stepped out of the bunkhouse and all the noise of the village had moved out onto the ice field, bouncing and echoing off the large chunks of sea ice. It represented the motorized noise of whale hunting, 1976.

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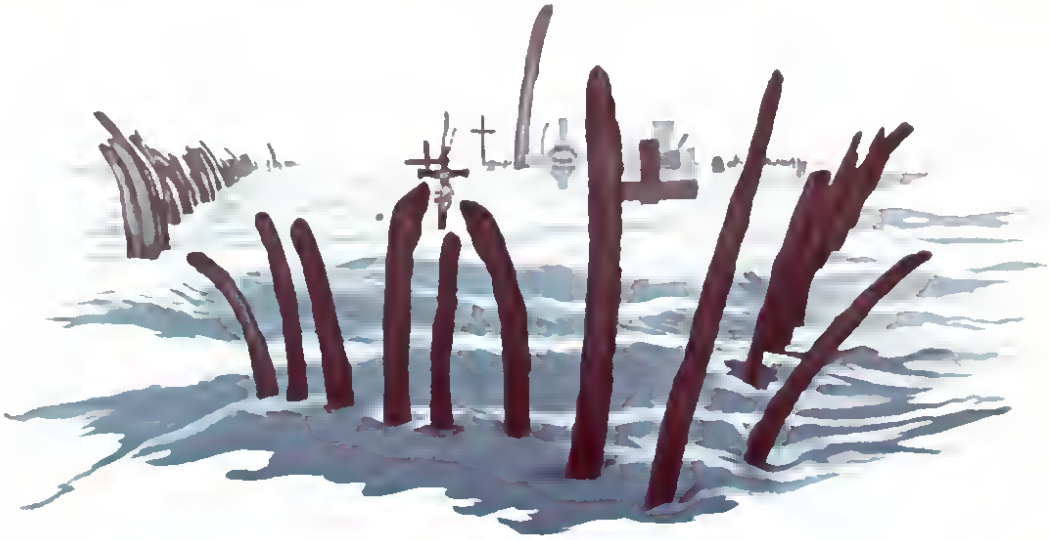

I walked past a dog team, a dozen husky and malamute types chained up, excited because they knew something was happening, but confused because they didn't know what. In the old days it was they who pulled the gear onto the ice. Then I passed a few frame houses and angled toward the water, out of the deep crusted snow that had piled up in town, and onto the black finely graveled sand, nearly without snow cover, blown free by the wind. I walked the beach looking for the cut in the piled-up shore ice, the snowmobile avenue out to the whaling camps.

One last snowmobile came from the village pulling a sled with two men and gear on it. They cut across the black sand in front of me, the men jumping off and pushing, the engine laboring in the sand, finally gaining the smooth lane of crusted snow that runs between the uncovered beach and the huge piles of shore ice. The machine stopped, and the driver got off and waved. It was my old friend Joe Towksejea. "Hey, Ron," he shouted. "You get left behind? Come with us. We'll take you out there."

I threw my gear on the old dogsled and sat down. Joe throttled the snow machine and we started into the ice field. Actually, it was more like an ice forest. Chunks five to 15 feet high stuck up above us, and Joe followed the wandering path the others had taken. It was a rough ride. There were mounds and ridges and cracks where the ice had worked and the long freight sled thudded and banged along behind. Then Joe cut the engine and I looked up to see what we would be chasing whales in.

A skin boat.

The boat was lashed to an even larger sled and a faded green tarpaulin was thrown over it. As the hunters removed the cover, I looked the boat over. Next to a snowmobile it looked like a relic in need of a museum. The boat was about 15 feet long, canoe-shaped, with a wooden frame and wooden seats. The skin that covered it was a smooth creamy white, transparent in the sunlight although it was a quarter-inch thick. There were five such skins sewn together, the hand stitching neat and even-spaced as though done by machine. I dug my thumbnail along it, leaving a wet white trail across the creamy skin. It smelled faintly like cow manure, faint enough to be pleasant.

"You can't dig a hole in there with your thumb, Ron," Joe said, walking up to me, smiling a boyish smile on a face 40 years old and weather-creased, like a Kansas dirt farmer's. "This is from *uguruk*. That's a bearded seal. Tough skin. Strong boat. Fast. Light. Quiet. Go through water like this." His hand was the boat and he pushed it knifelike through the water in front of him, pursing his lips and making a swishing noise.

"Hear that? That's all you hear from this boat. Sssshhhhssss. Those whales hear pretty good but they don't hear these. All these years we've been using skin boats and white man hasn't made anything better."

"If he did, would you use it?"

"Shoe-er we would," Joe said. "We use snowmobile, don't we? Wreck our sleds all to hell, break our gear, break down all the time, eat gas, but still we use. But *umiak*, you'll never replace the *umiak*."

We transferred the gear into the *umiak* and hitched it up to our freight train, Joe arranging the balance while the rest of us carried the tent, rifles, shotguns, groceries, Coleman stove, caribou skins, tool box, ammunition box, kitchen utensil box and finally a cardboard box of comics and magazines from the sled to the ice beside the boat. Joe Towksejea's wife Lucy arrived on another snowmobile with still more groceries held in the lap of another hunter.

Then we piled into the *umiak*, Andy, another young hunter and I, and the other hunter on Joe Towksejea's crew got on the snowmobile behind Lucy. We sped down the long smooth stretch and then cut into the ragged ice field again. And then we were at the edge of the ice, looking at a channel of open water, 200 yards across. There were other boats and sleds and snowmobiles and people scattered up and down the ice, setting up camp or looking out at the water. No one was idle. Even the lookers paused only a few moments and went back to work chopping ice or setting up the tent or working on a hunter's lean-to near the water.

I got my seabag out of the *umiak* and thanked Joe for the lift, saying I'd better find my crew and help set up camp. The sight of the open water had excited him and he was all business now and barely heard me. I shouldered my bag and walked away.

"You come visit us, Ron," he called after me.

The other Joe, Joe Frankson, had already set up about half a mile down the ice. There was a lot of ribbing and joking about how I had missed the boat and most of the work but there was still a wide trough to be chopped for the boat, since the ice along the water in front of the tent was piled six feet high. We chopped with axes and picks and a long wooden-handled ice tool with teeth like a jack-o'-lan-

continued

tern. In two hours we had a driveway cut through the ice and the *umiak* stuck out over the water by three feet.

"That's so we go into the water quiet," Joe Frankson explained. "Don't make any noise when you're near the water. Whales can hear you."

It was a waiting and watching game. No, it wasn't exactly a game, you had only to look into the faces of the older hunters to know that Whaling was still an important part of life for them: the two months of the migration, April and May, meant something important. Two months every year spent chasing the big black whales, one-sixth of their lives. It was much more than a game, but I wondered what. Was it the ancestral link with their fathers and grandfathers buried in the whale-rib-lined cemetery behind the village? A way of saying we remember? We loved you as children and remember the awe and respect we felt when you pulled these huge black beasts from the ocean. We remember the pride and strength we felt for our people that they could do such a thing. We remember it as one of the strong knots that held us together and we will not let it die. Is that what was in the faces of the old people? Was there more? Did there need to be more? Surely there was the challenge of the hunt. Hunting the largest creature on earth in its own environment. Having to get close enough to this beast to hand-throw a harpoon into it. Surely the challenge was there. And what of the mass of food they got from the whale? I wondered how badly they needed this food, the taking of which required so much outlay of specialized equipment, time, energy and money. There were other meat sources available. Ducks, thousands that flew overhead, at present ignored. Caribou and ptarmigan in the nearby hills, fish and seal and polar bear from the ocean. One source was conspicuously unavailable. There was no meat counter at the village store.

No, there was something more than merely providing in the look of the older men in their traditional white hunting parkas, standing on the ice ridges stoically watching the sea. It was a way of providing, and a substantial one if successful, but there was also the feeling of preserving. Preserving a ritual, a tradition, a way of life and a way of death, of keeping in tune with the ocean and its seasonal bounty. There was a religious energy among the older people that was not quite shared by the youth. Many of the younger people had moved out of the village to larger cities, as in small-town America. For them, whale hunting was a reunion, a time to get together and see what had happened to whom. The younger people did not look out to sea so much, but gathered in small groups away from the ice edge, talking about who was in town and what crew they were with. Most of them wore colorful down parkas and the popular store-bought boots with the rubber bottoms and leather tops. Mostly they spoke English while the elders communicated in Inupiat, the Eskimo tongue.

I was not sure what was expected of me, a guest, an outsider participating in this unique hunt. I am a hunter and could surely help with the harvest of ducks that flew overhead, but what of the whale? All I knew of whaling was from books and most of these were of a historical nature. I knew the white man had hunted them far differently from the Eskimo. The early New Bedforders hunted the open ocean from sleek company-owned clipper ships. When the whaling industry moved to the Northern Pacific in the late 1800s, they used both steam and sailing ships that also carried smaller whaling boats. The Eskimo had always hunted from the ice out of the umiak, and it was not until the early 1890s that they began using gunpowder. Before that, they killed the whales with harpoons and lances, the heads and cutting edges made from ivory and slate. The idea was to hamstring the animal near the flukes to prevent it from diving and then sever an artery so it would bleed to death. Charles D. Brower, a white man who actually hunted with Eskimos using these primitive tactics, tells in his book, *Fifty Years Below Zero*, of a single whale pulling 21 sealskin floats before it was finally killed. Every float was attached to a harpoon head stuck in the whale.

About 1890 the Eskimo began adopting those white man's tools that fitted him. Most notable was the use of gunpowder and the "whale bomb." That's what I was interested in. Exactly what is it that kills a whale in 1976?

I walked quietly down to the ice cut where the *umiak* waited, perched over the water with a harpoon sticking out over the bow. A yellow polyethylene line ran from the factory-made harpoon head up the shaft and lay coiled in the bottom of the boat. Attached to it was the skin of a spotted seal blown into a float. It looked like a stuffed toy with cute pudgy arms sticking out from a balloon body. Here were the old and the new working together: a nylon line attached to a primitive sealskin float.

"What do you think of that sealskin?"

I turned to find Abe Kowunna, our helmsman, standing behind me. He pronounced his last name for me and then added, "Sounds Hawaiian, huh?"

"I like it," I said of the float. "Do all the crews still use them?"

"Nope. Only three, four crews. The rest have those red plastic fishing floats like they use for crab pots in Kodiak."

"And that's the whale bomb?" I asked, pointing to the foot-long cylinder mounted to the shaft above the harpoon.

"Yes. The whole mechanism is called a darting gun. The bomb is inside. You see how it works?"

"Is this the firing pin?"

"Yes. That rod works just like firing pin. The harpoon goes into the whale and the tip of the rod strikes the whale's back and sets off the primer. The primer shoots the bomb into the whale. Then the whale dives and the bomb goes off five seconds later. There's a timer on it."

"Does it always go off?"

"No. Not always. Some things can go wrong. And sometimes the bomb goes all the way through the whale and blows up in the water. Just gives him a headache."

Abe smiled, and so did I.

"But even then we still have the harpoon in him with the float attached. We can tell when he's coming up."

"And paddle like hell."

"Yes. That's where you galley slaves come in. Have you seen the whale gun?"

"No."

"Up here."

continued

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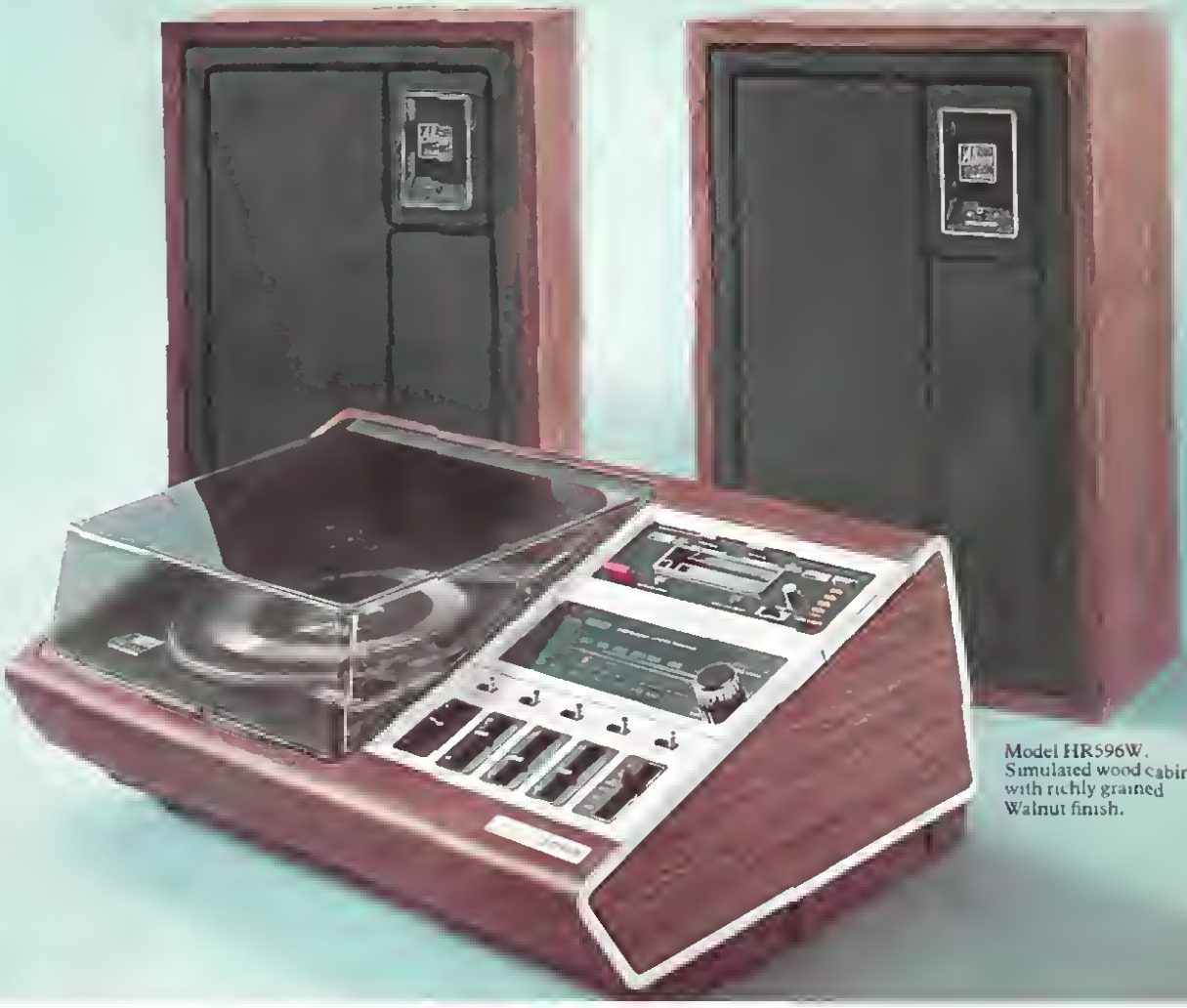

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We climbed out of the cut where the boat was and walked over to the hunters' lean-to. Beside the lean-to, propped on a wooden tool box, was a solid brass gun with the sharp point of a shell sticking out. It looked like a small bazooka.

"Pick it up," Abe said.

It weighed 30 or 40 pounds.

"What's in the shell?"

"About eight ounces of black powder. Sometimes it will knock you over if it isn't loaded just right. They cost $800 new. The shells cost $46. That gun is an antique. It belonged to Joe's father."

"Boats in the water," someone said, but not too loudly.

The crew scrambled for our boat. Abe motioned for me to take a place near the stern and we stood alongside as Joe Frankson climbed in and took the harpooner's seat in the bow. The two hunters immediately behind Joe looked at Abe and asked with their eyes, *Should we get in?* Abe shook his head no, and we stood there, looking perhaps a mile to the south where three white skin boats, their occupants paddling furiously, moved silently away from the ice. The paddles moved together, as though mounted to a crankshaft, and as they drew farther from shore, the boats fanned out, the span of black water between them becoming greater and the size of each boat seeming to diminish. Then the paddles in one boat stopped and, within a minute, so did those in the nearest boat. The other boat continued on to the drifting ice and drew alongside it. The only sound was a distant snowmobile coming from the village.

Joe Frankson turned slightly and said something to Abe in Inupiat.

Abe answered, also in the Eskimo tongue.

Then we waited and watched, perhaps 15 minutes. The two boats in the open water drifted toward us. The other boat drifted toward us, too, but with the ice and not nearly as fast.

Joe spoke again in his tongue and the crew laughed.

We waited another five minutes, the only thing of interest being a large flock of eider ducks flying north over the middle of the lead, two or three hundred birds strung out in a long column, the sound of their wings audible even over the choppy water.

Joe stood up and stretched and said something about the ducks that made the others chuckle. Then he looked at me and said in English, "Well, Ron, I guess we're not going to chase that whale this year. Maybe the Russians will get him."

Once again I found myself contemplating the whale bomb. So what if they did use gunpowder? How could you blame them? It was, after all, the 20th century and they were, after all, hunting the largest creature in the world. Even elephant hunters use gunpowder and shoot their animals from a damn sight farther distance than these people. You had to admire these gutsy hunters. They got within 10 or 15 feet of their prey and *threw* their charge of gunpowder. The harpoon with the attached powder charge was the main weapon. We weren't even taking the whale gun out in the boat with us. It was to be left on shore for the rest of the crew in case a whale surfaced nearby. And it was accurate only up to 20 or 30 yards.

And they hunted the whale in his domain. Out in the ocean. How could anyone blame them for using gunpowder—just five or six times as much as the average sportsman uses for a mallard duck?

"You hear that?"

It was Willie, a fellow crewman, with the quick soft smile and the pin-striped railroad shirt under a light blue jacket.

"Is that a whale?" I asked.

"Yep. He's over in the ice."

Then the rumbling again.

"Will we go after him?"

"I don't know. That's up to Joe and Abe. We couldn't get him unless he came out of the ice."

Joe and Abe stood aside, conversing and shaking their heads and looking across the water to the ice pack, three or four hundred yards away.

"There might be two of them," Willie said.

I listened. A heavy rumble. Thick. Full. Powerful. An animal noise, no doubt about it, and I had to wonder why Melville insisted, even after Linnaeus had declared otherwise, why Melville, after obviously hearing this mammalian sound, had insisted on calling the whale "a spouting fish with a horizontal tail." There was nothing fishlike about the sound. It reminded me of the big cats at a distance, their rumblings reverberating off the cool cement zoo cages. Or a hip-

po gurgling mud A little like distant rolling prairie thunder, a peculiar drainlike wallowing sound, part animal, part steel The sound of something huge, powerful, something unknown My God, something *alive* A gut sound, the bowels of the ocean in distress But a fish? No, certainly not a fish

Joe and Abe decided to go after that sound Joe hurried to the boat and sat in the bow-harpooner position again and as soon as he sat down the boat began to move without anything being said The crew hopped in as soon as they shoved to the water and with my mind still on shore digesting that wallowing, bellowing animal sound, I found my body out in the open water zipping along in a sealskin boat powered by eight paddles Everyone paddled, even Joe, four to a side, working together to make one single dipping noise. Willie, Abe and Joe had all briefed me earlier on the importance of keeping in stroke, and I took my mind off the sound of the whale and concentrated on moving with the three paddles in front of me This hunt needed teamwork above all others I have seen, and I was the novice. And though I didn't yet know how badly these people *needed* the whale, I did know that they *wanted* him

In the back of my mind lingered the thought, *What if it tips us over?* I knew this sometimes happened, and if it did I did not want to be the one who leaned the wrong way at that critical moment on the whale's back I watched only the arms and paddles in front of me, seeing the ice mass draw nearer as a blur, as in a camera out of focus

And then suddenly we were there We had covered the distance in just a few minutes.

We drew the boat alongside the ice and listened The whale was still in there among the chunks of broken ice and slush-covered water The ice along the edge was solid and Abe stepped out and rose ever so slowly to full height, peering over the rugged ice field Again I got the sensation that we were after a mammal, no hunter would be so cautious with a fish.

The whale made two noises There was a splashing of water and chunking of ice noise, and then the grunting, gurgling, guttural, wallowing noise Wallowing. That's what it was A 30- or 40-ton hog wallowing in a slush hole. And then the blowing *Fwssssshhh* Steam coming from an overheated radiator But not quite, a warm breathing noise, too There was an animal in there. Melville, an animal, not a fish

We waited at the edge of the ice pack for the whale to move Back across the open water in the camps, a mile of people scattered along the edge of the ice, standing, sitting, some in dark clothing, some in camouflaged white The big white canvas tents were visible, because of their straight lines against the backdrop of the jumbled ice Two boats moved toward us carrying full crews of eight hunters each There was no noise from any of this, save for the whale Gradually, the wallowing and splashing became more infrequent and then fainter, and soon it became apparent that the whale had gone farther into the ice

Joe and Abe conferred quietly in Inupiat No one else spoke They agreed to stay where we were The crew suddenly relaxed, some removing their paddles from the water, first letting the water drip off, then quietly laying them in the boat, and lighting up cigarettes And finally talking and chuckling softly.

I guessed it to be about eight in the evening In the northeast, a long straight line marked the end of the clouds, with a clear clean sky underneath The wind had gone down some and the sun would be above the horizon for another couple of hours It looked as though we would have light enough to hunt all night

Which is exactly what happened. No sooner had the whale in the ice gone out of hearing than another appeared in the open water of the lead. I didn't see it But everyone else did Abe pushed the boat away from the ice and we were paddling again, frantically, the hunters in the other boats paddling, too, angling out into the open water Then on a signal from Joe we quit, leaving the paddles in the water but bringing them quietly in against the soft skin of the boat Joe boated his paddle in the bow and placed one hand on the harpoon shaft, waiting, drifting, watching the water around us He's watching for a whale to come up right underneath us, the rational part of my mind kept saying He wants the whale to come up right underneath us No, no, another part said Just close enough to throw his harpoon and if it did happen to upset our boat there were two others close by

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to help out . . . we're all in this together. Once the adrenaline flowed there was no more rational mind saying what if, what if—only another part wanting to know *where*, because suddenly we were paddling again more furiously than ever. Everyone had seen the whale but me and again I wanted to see it, too. We paddled like men possessed, the three boats heading into a large fjord that cut into the ice pack, the paddling becoming something surreal. It was a death race in a nightmare in which you are being pursued by an unknown monster and your legs have lost feeling and you have to look to see if they are even moving and find that it is the ground underneath that is moving; a death chase between you and something huge and unknown, doubly surreal because you are the pursuer.

My arms and shoulders and neck and back and hips ached. It was not like paddling a canoe; doing that you can switch from one side to another. You had to stay on the same side and the only relief was to shift your weight to take the strain off one fatigued muscle and put it on another. There came a threshold beyond which the mind assumed control over the separate parts of the body, encouraging the arms to keep going, telling a cramped muscle that it was not cramped enough to cause a missed stroke, the mind visualizing the pull of the water against the paddle, directing the strain of each stroke down through the various muscles, from the arms to the neck, down the back and hips into the legs, the final gasp of energy seeping out of the feet into the skin of the boat and back into the water.

Then I saw the shiny angular back rise out of the water a hundred yards to starboard. It was moving away from us, visible for a full cinematic mind-frame. A charge of power rushed through the boat, everyone suddenly gifted with an untapped energy source, the mind leaving the body on its own now and contemplating what it had seen, the monster visualized, a living creature swimming away from us, heading toward the blur of the ice field.

Then the paddling stopped and all heads turned starboard. A couple of hunters were grumbling, not seriously it seemed, and I raised my head to see chunks of ice bobbing and the water whirlpooling underneath, swirling as though someone had pulled the plug out of the ocean right below us. We had come to the floating ice field and the whale had sounded just at the edge. He was now safely within the ice refuge and suddenly I was overcome by the odd feeling that we had been chasing a whale that knew we were there and was afraid and wanted only to get away. Could that be? Were these creatures afraid of eight men in a skin boat?

Yes, they were. We chased whales all that night, perhaps a dozen; either chasing after them or—and this seemed a more likely way of taking one—trying to intercept them as they traveled up the channel. Every whale moved in the same northerly direction; it was indeed a migration, and, if seen in time, intercepting their course was fairly predictable. Three or four times that night (an Arctic night that grew just dark enough so that it was hard to see them coming more than three or four hundred yards away) you could *hear* them, you could *feel* them, but for an hour you couldn't see them. And then suddenly it was getting lighter and a new day had begun and once more you could see them coming up the open water of the lead, their backs once again glistening. Three or four times we were on a perfect intercept course, the whale coming toward us almost playfully, weaving above and under the water like a giant porpoise. How could it know we were there? How could it know that out of the thousands of miles traveled this would be the most precarious moment? Three or four times we had quit paddling and drifted silently, stealthily, into a perfect ambush. The whale would be coming toward us, blowing heavily but peacefully like a long-distance swimmer who has not yet taxed his first wind, his angular back glistening out of the water, sliding along for what seemed like five long drugged seconds. One's mind would say, *This is it! This is it! Here it comes! Here it comes!* Behind me Abe whispers, *Three more times, three more times*, and the shiny black back shows again, coming for us, with Joe very slowly standing up in the bow, his hands secretly groping for the perfect harpoon balance. And then *one more time, just one more time*, and the whale knows, he knows, dammit, and does not arch his back out of the water to receive the harpoon point and the whale bomb. We do not see him again. Twice Joe saw whales under the boat and moved as if to throw the harpoon but stopped, sat down, shaking his head, saying *Too deep, too deep.*

The trouble was, I believe, that there was no more wind. The water was flat calm, the air ungodly quiet. Too quiet to close up to a whale. The long strings of migrating eider ducks now made an awesome sound, like a freight train without the engine; three and four hundred ducks strung out perhaps a quarter of a mile, creating an unbelievable draft of wind, flying so close together their wings touched five or six times before they passed, creating a sound like rapid small-arms fire.

The first time I looked at my watch it was 4 a.m. I felt a strange alienation toward it. What a foolishly deceptive way to measure time, in tick tick tick seconds when the night had passed with huge rushes of jammed-together sensations. Periods of frozen eternity as a whale approached the boat, long lulls when nothing happened or seemed that it ever had. And then chasing a whale again through another eternity of physical torture, thinking it will never end and never had a beginning and then sitting quietly, silently, punch-drunk with fatigue, waiting again for something to happen.

We had pulled into the floating ice once more. The sun was on fire behind the mountains beyond the village. The sky was red with a forest-fire-at-dawn glow. The water was still calm and the silence descended upon us from the heavens. Half the crew was sleeping, sitting up, their heads rolling drunkenly or resting on their chests. Those of us still awake passed around a filter cigarette. We shared a secret feeling: we had survived, we had endured, we would watch for the whale. Except for Abe, who was alert and smiling, we were zombies. I sat and stared with glazed eyes out across the water. I dozed. I was awakened by an unnatural sound. A high-pitched, almost musical sound.

Ah-whoo-ie

Ah-aa*h*-whooo-ieee.

A cheer went up from our crew, arms and paddles raised. Then they chanted,

Ah-whooo-*ie*

Ah-aah-whooo-ieee.

No one told me but I knew that another crew had struck a whale.

Then the chant returned from across the ice fields, a primitive chant from what seemed like a thousand generations away. Our crew began paddling as though a whale had blown nearby. I paddled, too, unaware of the limitations of my body. We had stopped a whale. Someone had stopped a whale. What did it look like? What were the circumstances of its death? Was it dead? We rounded a bend in the ice and saw far off a cluster of whiter-than-ice skin boats, three or four. Our crew stopped paddling and chanted again.

We waited.

The chant was returned, much louder this time, the chant of victory, of accomplishment, of companionship.

We cheered and dipped our paddles even more than before. The kill was at least a mile away. We paddled hard and then 500 yards away the people in our crew started shouting, "More! More! Come on, white man, more!" I glanced aside and saw another boat racing us to the kill. I willed my arms to keep going and kept the pace, but without power. I was faking it. We beat the other boat by four lengths. Willie stood up and jabbed the whale with his paddle and then a crewman in the other boat did the same a few seconds later. The hunters in the other boats cheered and laughed and shouted.

Abe explained to me that because we were the fourth boat to the kill, we got the fourth largest share. The boat behind us got the fifth share and Abe pointed to two boats that were racing for the final sixth share. There was more cheering and chanting and I wanted to join but something held me back; the feeling that I might offend, that it might seem presumptuous to them, that I had not yet earned the right to chant the death of a whale.

We towed the whale across the lead to the camps by lashing 10 boats together and dipping our paddles. There was chanting from the camps and in a single spontaneous emotion the crews towing the whale would stop and chant at the people on the shore ice. We were making our presence finally known in this austere environment. We were powerful and, after all, we had taken a whale.

That was the only time I went out in the boat. Because our crew had the fourth share we had to send at least two men to help with the butchering. I volunteered. I wanted to witness this enormous process and also I wanted to give my paddling muscles a rest. We still had crew members in camp who had not yet been in the boat. They would be fresh and eager.

The atmosphere at the butchering site was both festive and religious. Well over half the village gathered there, even the children, since school is traditionally canceled upon the taking of the first whale. A benediction was offered in Inupiat and then four older ladies, dressed in their finery, bright colors of orange and blue and red and green, sang a hymn of thanksgiving, both in Inupiat and English. Then the work began.

A long tapering ice trough was dug down to the water so the whale would slide gradually uphill, and behind that two ice bridges created a three-foot-deep, three-foot-wide wedge of ice to which a two-inch-thick rope was secured as an anchor for the block and tackle. It took four men to carry each of the two pieces of block and tackle. The blocks had three pulleys each. And then it was pull, and pull, and pull. It took four hours to drag the whale, tail end first, onto the ice. Immediately the men were at it with their butchering tools, long wooden-handled knives, making inch-deep cuts in the black skin, marking out the shares in checkerboard fashion. I climbed an ice hummock to see the entire animal. It looked both sad and grotesque lying there on the ice, belly down, facing the ocean for the last time. People milled around the huge black body, inspecting the multitude of white scars it had incurred while alive. These three long jagged ones in back were from a killer whale, an old man explained. This one might have been a harpoon; that ugly curved scar on its back was probably from the propeller of a large ship. Scars are more interesting to old people who know of such things. The kids were intrigued by the head, the huge tongue visible because the jaw had rigored half open; the beady eyes, the baleen, or whalebone, growing down from the upper jawbone like a screen, the longer pieces seven feet in length. The kids rubbed their mittens across them, playing them like vertical Venetian blinds. Hundreds of pieces of plasticlike bone, long black hairs growing out of the side, through which the animal filtered its minute food supply. Baleen was what made these whales extra valuable in the 1880s and '90s. Like so many animals that gave their pelts to the fashion world, the whale contributed its natural plastic (before plastic was manufactured) for milady's corset stays. At its peak, baleen brought $5 a pound and the plastic bone on a large whale might be worth as much as $10,000. This in a time when a man might work for something like a dollar a week.

Even though the whale looked lost and forlorn on the ice, there was an ironic smile even in death that said it really didn't matter, a whale-death smile, as though the largest of the earth's creatures knew something about death that the rest of us couldn't fathom.

And then from somewhere out across the water and ice.

Ah-whooo-ie

Ah-aah-whooo-ieee.

The village had taken another whale.

Our crew had the second share in this whale and I stayed on the shore ice for another butchering. This was a much larger animal and we cleared another ice trough and dug two more ice supports beside the first whale. Before we got that one out, two more had been taken. The wind had kicked up and stalking the huge beasts was much easier.

The next five days are as one single homogenized memory: endless hours of chopping ice with three or four people standing by, waiting for the person using the ice tool to tire or pause for a break—and then someone else stepping in saying, *Here, let me try that, brother.* The fresh person whacking at the ice with the pick or the spud or the ax until he tires. One of the elders comes over from his supervisory post at the lean-to, watching us sternly, but if you look closely at the aged and wrinkled face you can see that he is pleased, well pleased that the young people show enthusiasm for the whaling. It is a knot, a strong knot that binds his village together; if it is to continue it must be passed on to the youth. He watches a young lad with eyes that have seen countless whales, polar bears, seals, caribou and walrus and countless changes in his village, but here is something that has

continued

not changed so much. Then he turns and walks quietly away.

There are endless hours of pulling on the rope. If anything dramatizes the unity that whaling brings to Point Hope it is the rope, the two-inch-thick rope running through the block and tackle to the whale. There are a hundred hands on the rope; there is pulling, grunting, straining. The rope is moving and the whale is coming up. Someone shouts and we pull for all we are worth, the rope moving steadily now. We are walking instead of tugging. We are making one step at a time, but there is no more strength in our arms and we are good for only one more pull. And then the two-inch rope pops like a rifle shot. People fall over each other and the pulleys scream as the whale slides ever so slowly back toward the sea. Three hours of pulling in vain. You want to say *the hell with it* and sleep—but an elder is already splicing the rope.

There is endless butchering. A whale is no exception to the rule that an animal should be butchered as soon as possible after the killing, if the red body meat is not gotten away from the stomach within 12 hours it will spoil. The bacteria in the stomach are not dead and they create heat, and the Eskimos waste nothing—even the two or three hundred feet of intestine are saved, savored at the whale feast in June after it is all over. But mostly the Eskimos want the *muktuk*, the two-inch-thick slab of black skin and blubber that tastes like oysters or clams and looks like vulcanized rubber and brings $4 a pound this year at the co-op in Kotzebue, a nonwhaling village. Under the skin is a foot-thick slab of pink blubber speckled with red flakes and looking exactly like strawberry ice cream, oil-rich blubber that they burn mixed with driftwood in their home stoves. But first, before all this, comes the bloodletting—sticking the whale behind the head with a long-shafted knife, the blood gushing out of the beast like water from a hydrant. It is a stream of red blood thick as a man's arm gushing for two minutes, four minutes, hot steaming blood melting the ice and fouling the air, holding everyone's attention and awe—even those who have seen it many times before.

Endless gallons of coffee and homemade doughnuts fried in Wesson oil are served by the women inside the tents, the doughnuts brought out in cardboard boxes to feed the hungry workers. And *muktuk*, boiled in water and dipped in French's mustard. And caribou and a polar bear roast cooked at least four hours—they know of trichinosis—and a huge pot of goulash with onions and canned tomatoes. I think about the four pounds of cheese I will not need and throw it into the community food supply. They wash the dishes in Lemon Joy . . . for some reason this sticks in my mind, telling me, along with the American flags flying by each dead whale, that I am still in my own country, these people pay taxes, they vote, they sent their youth to Vietnam . . . but they also kill whales.

Two hours after leaving Point Hope in a small bush plane, I sat in a tub of hot water at the plush Nul-Luk-Vik Hotel in Kotzebue. It was the first time I had seen my feet in 10 days.

I was a little disappointed that I hadn't been in a boat when a whale was taken but I did witness, from the shore ice, the striking of a whale. A crew was in the water, pulled up against the ice, when a whale suddenly surfaced a mere hundred feet away. They moved the boat directly over the animal and the harpooner jammed his weapon into the shiny back. The primer exploded like a cherry bomb, and as the startled whale arched his back to dive under the ice another crewman shot it with the whale gun. The water kicked up from the flukes, obliterating the boat from my camera's viewfinder. Then we waited as the whale sounded below the ice. I heard the time charge go off, a sharp cracking, hissing noise like a bolt of lightning under the water, felt the force of the charge through the ice and through my boots and clothes, a tingling on my skin, a crackling in my bones. The whale died under the ice and was found the next day floating dead in the water.

It had been a very good start for the Point Hope whalers. They had taken 10 whales in 10 days; no one could remember anything like that ever happening. Usually they are happy with six or seven for the entire two-month migration. Joe Frankson took the 12th whale of his life, a 50-foot monster, which the biologist from the National Marine Fisheries Service told me would weigh 50 tons.

"The larger ones weigh a ton a foot," he said. "The smaller ones we figure at 1,000 pounds. We can only guess, of course, just as we can only guess at the numbers of these whales."

"Then why are they on the endangered-species list?"

"Just for that reason. We don't know how many there are."

We talked about the fact that the Eskimos were nearly denied the right to hunt them in 1972 because of the Marine Mammal Protection Act.

"It would be a damned shame if they couldn't hunt them," I said. "It means so much to them. Both traditionally and for food."

"I know," he said. "I've been coming up here four years now taking measurements." Then he confided, "I'm glad they can still hunt the whales."

"How many would you say are taken by the four whaling villages every year?" I asked. "An average of 50?"

"That might even be a little high," he said.

I was glad for the people of Point Hope and Point Barrow, Wainwright and St. Lawrence Island that they could still hunt the bowhead whale, even though it is on the endangered-species list. For they, too, are an endangered species. The days of subsistence living are nearly finished in Alaska, even for them, for so many now leave the village to join the white man's world in Alaska's larger cities. It is a tremendous cultural shock to a people who a mere 70 years ago outnumbered the white man in Alaska and were living comfortably without his technology.

And now I sat in a tub of hot water in a plush hotel, carpeted, richly paneled, color-televisioned, dining-roomed, telephoned, with matching bedspreads and curtains in the rooms . . . the bathroom an enamel, porcelain and Formica creation a mere 150 air miles from the site of the whale hunt. No, the Eskimo and the bowhead cannot long survive the encroachment of civilization, but the whales have the advantage. After the Eskimo there is no one left to hunt them. With so many young people leaving the villages, returning only for a week or a month, viewing whaling as a "neat" but not a necessary experience, the tradition cannot long survive. The number of experienced Eskimo whalers is fast diminishing, gone to the whalebone cemetery at Point Hope. And the young have gone to Anchorage. END

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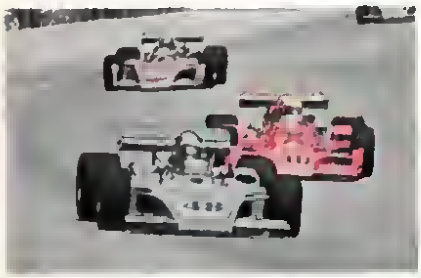

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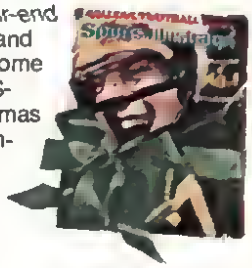

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week
Oct. 18-24

PRO BASKETBALL—There was plenty of action in the newly aligned NBA, much of it conducted in back rooms and bank vaults as some of the best-known names in the game were traded and sold. The biggest sale involved Julius Erving (*page 24*), who went from the New York Nets to the Philadelphia 76ers for a reported $3 million. Erving scored 17 points against San Antonio in his 76er debut, but the Spurs won 121–118. In a 108–105 loss to Buffalo, Dr. J scored 13 points. Boston after trading Paul Silas to Denver in a three-way deal that sent Denver Guard Ralph Simpson to Detroit and Piston Forward Curtis Rowe to the Celtics, won a pair. The Celtics defeated the Indiana Pacers 129–122 in overtime, then got 29 points from Jo Jo White—10 in overtime—for a 111–107 defeat of Milwaukee. Buffalo, which picked up Moses Malone from Portland, then sent him to Houston for draft choices and cash, also knocked off the Bucks, 133–112, then beat Philadelphia. The New York Knicks beat Los Angeles 102–97. In a 117–98 defeat of San Antonio, New York scored 19 unanswered points in the first period. The Nets, in their first game without Erving, defeated Golden State 104–103. The Midwest Division got battered around, losing nine of its first 13 games. Denver opened with wins over Indiana (123–110) and Kansas City (120–99), but Milwaukee and Kansas City both dropped two, and Indiana lost three games. The Chicago Bulls' Artis Gilmore hit 10 of 11 shots from the field and finished with 25 points in a 102–97 victory over the Pacers. Pete Maravich and Gail Goodrich teamed up for 53 points in the New Orleans Jazz' 111–98 win over Phoenix. The Houston Rockets also beat Phoenix 129–126 and Atlanta 120–104. The Washington Bullets had to overcome an eight-point deficit in the fourth period against Detroit, and that was just what they did as Nick Weatherspoon hit all six of his shots down the stretch of the Bullets' 98–97 win.

PRO FOOTBALL—Kicking New York teams around continued to be a popular pastime as Baltimore shut out the Jets *20–0 and Pittsburgh held the Giants scoreless* 27–0. Bert Jones threw touchdown passes of 41 and 79 yards to Roger Carr in the Colts' victory. Franco Harris led Pittsburgh past the Giants with 106 yards rushing and two touchdowns. Fran Tarkenton became the second passer in NFL history to gain 40,000 yards or more in the Vikings' 31–12 win over Philadelphia. Tarkenton completed 23 of 33 passes for 249 yards and now needs only 91 to supplant Johnny Unitas as the league record holder. Chuck Foreman set a Viking record by rushing for 200 yards. The San Francisco 49ers sacked Atlanta substitute Quarterback Kim McQuilken repeatedly in running their record to 6–1 with a 15–0 shutout (*page 26*). New England had to hold off a furious Buffalo rally in the second half as the Patriots defeated the Bills 26–22. O. J. Simpson, who carried for 110 yards, banged in for two touchdowns to get the Bills close. Cleveland sneaked past the San Diego Chargers 21–17 as Brian Sipe completed 23 of 28 passes including 12 in a row. Los Angeles defeated New Orleans 16–10, reserve Quarterback Pat Haden throwing a 40-yard scoring pass to Harold Jackson in the fourth quarter. The Dallas Cowboys beat Chicago 31–21 with Roger Staubach on the sidelines most of the second half with a broken bone in his hand. Cincinnati defeated Houston 27–7, but Bengal Quarterback Ken Anderson was out most of the game with a back injury. Rick Upchurch returned a punt 55 yards for a touchdown and ran back a kickoff 64 yards to set up another as Denver beat the Chiefs 35–26. Miami needed a last minute Garo Yepremian field goal to beat Tampa Bay 23–20. The erratic Detroit Lions beat Seattle 41–14 and Oakland stopped a three-game Green Bay winning streak with an 18–14 victory.

GOLF—MAC McLENDON shot a six-under-par 274 to win the $125,000 Southern Open at Columbus, Ga., by two strokes over Hubert Green.

PRO HOCKEY—NHL: The Montreal Canadiens continue to dominate the Norris Division, opening a five-point lead over Los Angeles. The Canadiens, the league's highest-scoring team, defeated Washington 6–0 for Goalie Ken Dryden's 28th career shutout. "Shutting out a team like Washington," yawned Dryden, "doesn't give me a large charge." Montreal also defeated Toronto 5–3 and the Pittsburgh Penguins 9–1. Ed Giacomin of the Detroit Redwings couldn't have been happier about his 52nd career shutout as he stopped the tough Islanders (6–1–1), the New Yorkers' only defeat so far. Atlanta suffered losses to Minnesota (4–3) and Vancouver (5–3). The Philadelphia Flyers ran their winning streak to four games by defeating Chicago, Buffalo and Colorado. The New York Rangers lost to Los Angeles 2-4 to drop into the Patrick Division cellar. Los Angeles had been unbeaten in five starts before meeting the hot Boston Bruins. The Bruins' 4–2 defeat of the Kings gave Boston a six-point lead in the Adams Division. Cleveland picked up two wins without a loss, including a 3–0 defeat of the Chicago Black Hawks. It was that kind of week in Chicago. The Black Hawks also lost to Philadelphia 5–1 and Minnesota 4–3 and learned that Bobby Orr's doctor had recommended that he skip every third game because of his fragile knees. Minnesota knocked off Atlanta and Chicago by identical 4–3 scores, but the North Stars were tied by Colorado. St. Louis won two of three for a two-point lead in the Smythe Division.

WHA: The Quebec Nordiques began to emerge as the class of the league's Eastern Division, climbing to 7–1 with three straight wins. The Nordiques needed an overtime to get past Birmingham 6–5, but had little trouble with Calgary (4–2) and even less with Houston (6–2). The latter lost also to Birmingham, tied the New England Whalers 4–4 and closed out the week losing to Quebec 6–2. Minnesota tied Calgary 2–2 as Dave Keon scored his 400th career goal. Phoenix, Winnipeg and San Diego were logjammed at the top of the Western Division all with eight points. From there it was a precipitous drop to winless Calgary.

HORSE RACING—GREAT CONTRACTOR ($16.80), ridden by Patrick Day, won the $335,600 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park, defeating Appassionato by 1¼ lengths. Carrying 121 pounds, the 3-year-old colt tied the stakes record of 2:28⅘ for a mile and a half held since 1920 by Man o' War.

YOUTH ($3.90), Sandy Hawley up, scored a four-length victory in the $191,000 Canadian International Championship Stakes on Woodbine Racetrack's turf course in Toronto. The 3-year-old French turf champion covered the mile and ⅛th in 2:48.

SENSATIONAL ($3.80), with Jorge Velasquez in the irons, came from off the pace to win the $138,700 Selima Stakes for 2-year-old fillies at Laurel. Sensational's time for the mile and a sixteenth was 1:43⅘ as she defeated Northern Seaby 3½ lengths.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARIO ANORETTI of the United States won the Japanese Grand Prix, Britain's James Hunt narrowly taking the world driving championship by finishing third. Andretti drove his Lotus-Ford at an average speed of 114 mph in the 198.87-mile season finale on Fuji International Raceway (*page 69*).

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT won the $200,000 Colgate Inaugural in Palm Springs, Calif., defeating Francoise Durr 6–1, 6–2. The $45,000 increased Evert's 1976 earnings to $322,065, her career earnings to $1,148,504.

TRACK & FIELD—BILL ROGERS of Melrose, Mass., won the seventh New York City Marathon, completing the 26-mile, 385-yard course in two hours, 10 minutes, 9.6 seconds. Frank Shorter, holder of Olympic gold (1972) and silver (1976) medals, was second in the field *of more than 2,000 runners*.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: As head coach of the New York Giants, BILL ARNSPARGER, 49, whose team was 0–7 this year and 7–28 during his 2½-year tenure. Assistant Coach John McVay, 45, former head coach of the World Football League Memphis Southmen, was named to replace him.

ON PROBATION: The University of Nevada-Reno for violating the NCAA's two-point minimum academic rule. The school has been barred from postseason tournaments and TV appearances for one year.

RETIRED: BILLY CUNNINGHAM, 33, after 11 seasons in pro basketball, because of an injured knee that did not respond to treatment. The five-time All-Star averaged 20.8 points and 10.1 rebounds per game during his career with the Philadelphia 76ers and the ABA Cougars.

RETIRED: FOOLISH PLEASURE, winner of the 1975 Kentucky Derby, with earnings of $1,216,705. He was bought for $20,000 as a yearling. Now he will stand at stud at Greentree Farms in Lexington, Ky.

CREDITS

14—drawing by Arnold Roth. **18,19**—Tony Triolo. **20, 21**—Neil Leifer. **22,23**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **36-38**—Julann Calder, Susan Griggs. **40,41**—John Kannay, Eric Schwalkardt. **46**—John Kannay. **51**—Rich Clarkson. **58**—Herb Schreifman. **60,61**—Anthony Edgeworth. **62, 63**—Anthony Edgeworth (2), Lane Stewart (2). **69,71**—T. Tanuma. **87**—Minneapolis Tribune, Doug Elbinger, Joe DiPaola, Baltimore Sunpapers.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DIANE PIERCE
MISSISSAUGA

A 31-year-old self-defense instructor, Pierce won her sixth straight 120-pound championship *at the U.S. Judo Association's* national women's tournament in Milwaukee. She also has been the Minnesota AAU champion eight years in a row.

GREG KOZDEMBA
EAST LANSING, MICH.

Greg, 15, took first place *in the Midwest finals of* the American Horse Show Association's Junior Dressage championship. Because his own horse had suffered a bruise, Greg had only two days' practice on a new mount.

DEBBIE PAVIK
FLORISSANT, MO.

A senior at Dulaney High School, Debbie had never run in a cross-country race before this fall, but she has already won four dual meets. She also finished the 2.2-mile Arundel Invitational in 12 minutes, 53 seconds, fourth overall.

MARK RUTLEDGE
COLONIAL HEIGHTS, VA.

Mark, 10, set state AAU (10-and-under) records in the 100-meter breaststroke (1:29.8), the 200-meter freestyle (2:32.2), and broke the state mark for the mile in 23:43.9. He also led his Sherwood Hills swim team to a league title.

PILAR DORADO
HAYWARD, CALIF.

Pilar, 17, won this year's USGA Girls' Junior championship held at Modesto, Calif. She also won 15 other golf tournaments this year and led her California team to victory at the Helen Langfeld matches in Calgary, Alberta.

STEVE CAUTHEN
WALTON, KY.

Steve, 16, got his apprentice jockey's license last May and has since ridden 175 winners. The 5'1" 92-pounder was home first 94 times at River Downs in Cincinnati and currently has 13 wins at Hawthorne Park in Chicago.

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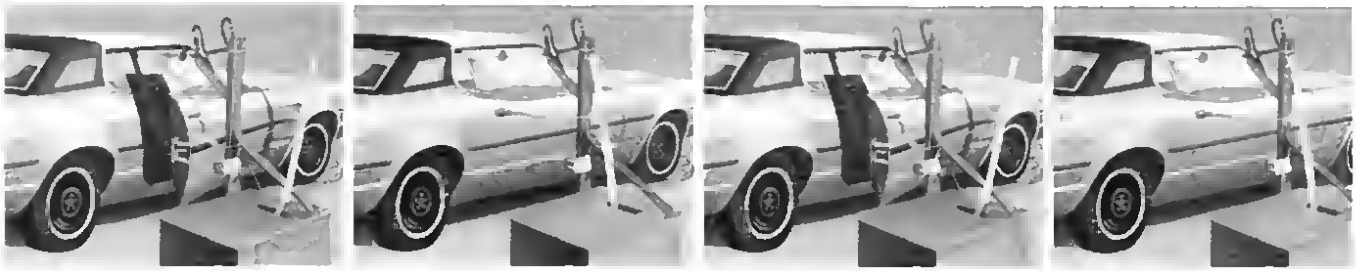

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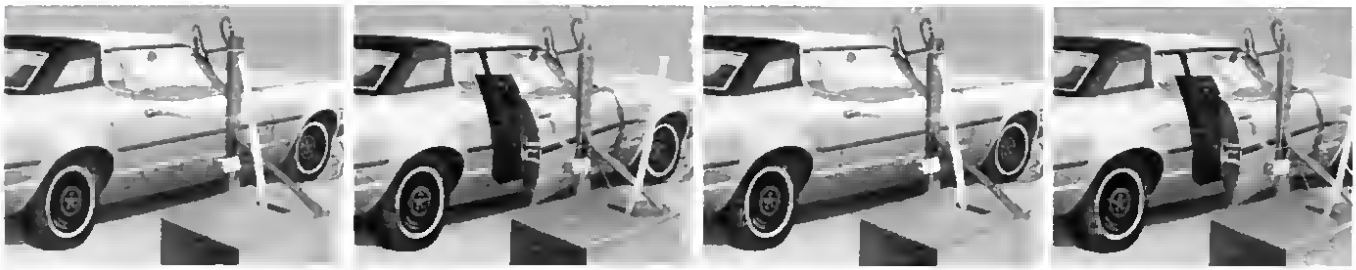

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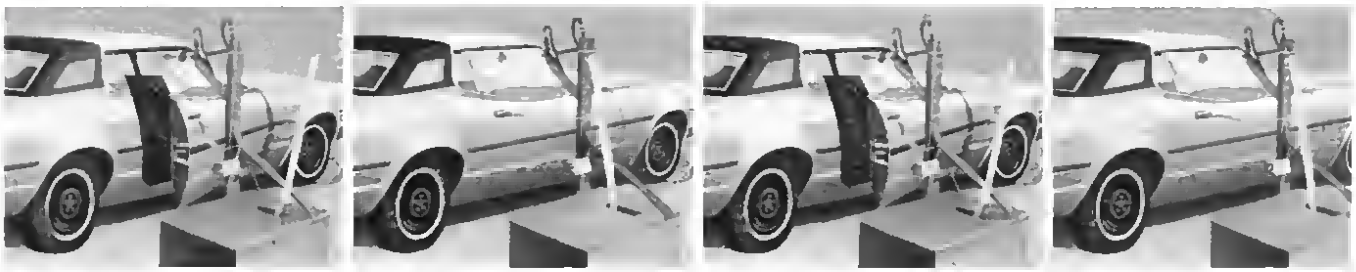

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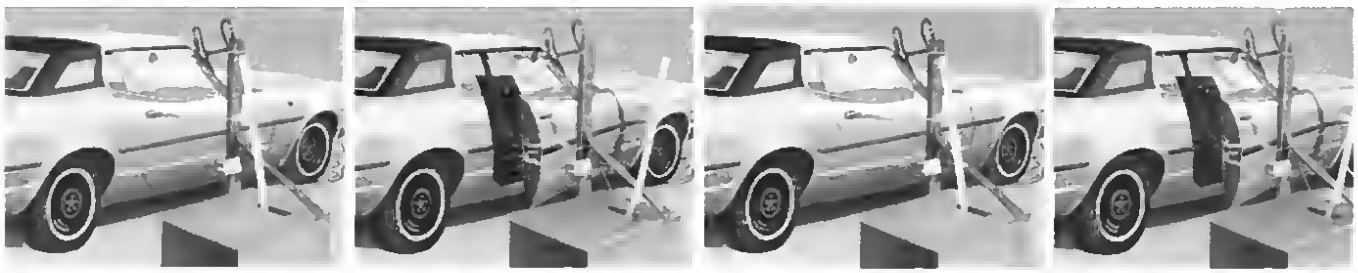

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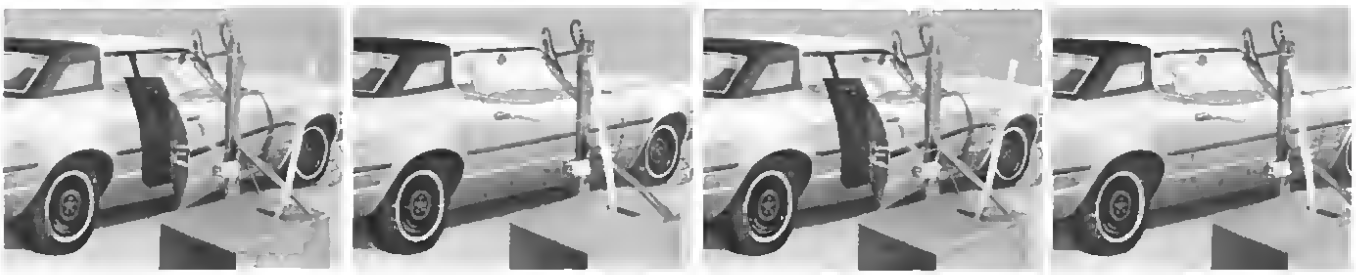

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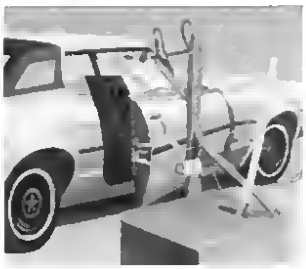
Door Latch and Hinge Test.



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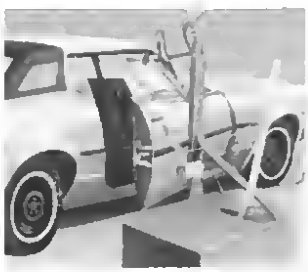

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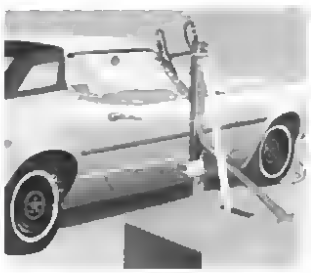

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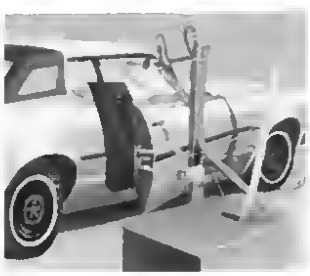

Open. Etc.

It's boring.
Chickachock. Open.
Chickachock. Closed.
Chickachock. Open.
Chickachock. Closed.
Testing...is boring.

But it's important. Because you give doors a lot of tough punishment, we test them tough: 80 thousand times.

Ford, Mercury, and Lincoln cars are the result of one tough test after another.

Chickachock. Open.
Chickachock. Closed.

Testing door latches and hinges is boring.

But tough testing... makes for tough cars.

So, at Ford Motor Company, we do a lot of it.

Chickachock. Open.
Chickachock. Closed.
Etc.

Ford

It's simple. Ford wants to be your car company.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SCRAPPERS

Sir:

I was a bit surprised to see Minnesota Running Back Chuck Foreman on your Oct 18 cover. Walter Payton, Chicago's own fine back, ran for 141 yards in 19 carries in that contest, while Foreman was held to 63 yards in 23 rushes. Payton is leading the entire NFL in rushing and is the main reason the Bears are not only respectable again but a legitimate threat to Minnesota's dominance of the NFC Central Division. The Bears are scrappers to the end, as your article (*Two Games for the Price of One*) makes clear.

JACK KAPPEL
Mt. Greenwood, Ill.

Sir:

"Chuck Foreman Bruises the Bears"? I don't think so. Your cover should have read "Walter Payton Runs Over the Vikings." Payton averaged 7.4 yards per carry and scored two touchdowns, plus another one—a fantastic run for 49 yards—that was called back because of a clipping penalty. He also had four receptions for another 42 yards.

NICK C. LAMNATOS
Rock Island, Ill.

Sir:

The city of Chicago should change the name of Soldier Field to Payton's Place.

MIKE HILLARY
Bloomington, Ill.

WITHOUT ORR

Sir:

Your preview of the hockey season (Oct. 18) was excellent, as usual. However, as a longtime Boston loyalist, I must disagree with your comments concerning the Bruins' chances of repeating as champions of the Adams Division: "Orr's departure is one reason why Boston probably will not repeat." Last season the Bruins won their division championship with no help from Orr beyond November. I see no reason, particularly with their fast start, why the Bruins should not repeat.

CHARLES CARR III
Concord, Mass.

Sir:

I think the Bruins are a better team without Bobby Orr. They do not rely on one person; they have a squad now that is rapidly improving, though it was never really that bad. In your article about Orr (*Return of the Fabulous Invalid*, Oct. 18) Chicago Coach Billy Reay was quoted as saying that a team needs a player with charisma. Well, the Bruins have the following healthy charismatic players: Jean Ratelle, a classy center; Brad Park, a goal-scoring defenseman with a knee in better shape than Orr's; veteran John Bucyk, who is not as "ancient" as was implied in your scouting report; and hard-working Terry O'Reilly.

MARYBETH PACIFICO
Watertown, Mass.

Sir:

As a Boston fan, I say it *really* hurts to see Bobby Orr in a Chicago uniform. Although we have new stars, it will never be the same.

DENNIS COLANTONIO
East Boston, Mass.

THE SWEDES

Sir:

Concerning Peter Gammons' superb article on Swedish hockey players in North America (*The Swedish Invasion*, Oct. 18), I must say I am impressed. However, there is one little discrepancy that, by this time, has probably infuriated the population of Greater Hartford, Conn. Gammons refers to New England Whaler Goaltender Christer Abrahamsson as Whaler Defenseman Thommy Abrahamsson's "kid brother." In fact, Christer is four hours older. Thommy and Christer are identical twins.

KEN KOEPPER
Niantic, Conn.

Sir:

If Bjorn Johansson has the same attitude as Borje Salming, he will be super.

PAUL J. FEDERICO
Highland Heights, Ohio

DEFENSE

Sir:

In regard to Edwin Shrake's story of the Oklahoma-Texas game (*Report From the 40 Winks Tourist Court*, Oct. 18), as far as I am concerned, Grover should have stayed at Crab Claw with his wife Wilma Mae. The game was one of the finest defensive gems I would ever want to see. The Sooners were playing with a second-string quarterback who did a creditable job. They lost the ball only three times on fumbles and showed their class by scoring the touchdown they had to have. This was a typical game for these two teams, and the defense was outstanding—even without the Selmons and Elrod.

JOHN QUICKLE
Del City, Okla.

Sir:

I was under the impression that the last five minutes of the game were frantic enough for anyone. One team led by six points, and the other, after recovering a fumble, was driving toward a certain tie and a very possible victory. I also resent the fact that Edwin Shrake would have everyone in the world believe that the average Oklahoman is devoid of intelligence and is from places like Eufaula or Bug Tussle or Muskogee. Not everyone drives a red farm pickup to OU games.

SIO HOWARD
Oklahoma City

Sir:

Congratulations to SI and Edwin Shrake for by far the funniest piece of satire I have read in a long time. I just hope the rest of America doesn't think we're all like Grover.

BOB BAKER
Norman, Okla.

Sir:

I'll be dadburned if I didn't get a bigger kick out of that fella Grover's letter than I did out of that football game in Big D. Many more games like that and I suspect them coachers, Swisher and Rogal, might be joining ol' Les and Grover in Terlingua.

B. J. ANDERSON
Gainesville, Fla.

GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT

Sir:

Re the article *Nobody Loves the Ruling Class* (Oct. 11) by Frank Deford, society's view of officials was succinctly demonstrated to me as I was leaving the field after a junior varsity football game that I had officiated. I was still in uniform when I encountered a woman and her 4-year-old child; they were just getting out of their car and had no idea how the game had come out. As I passed them, the child looked at me and uttered a long, sincere "Boo!" Maybe it's genetic.

F. S. WEBSTER III
Sugar Land, Texas

CHOPPED DOWN TO SIZE

Sir:

I am a medical student and a first-degree black belt in karate. Having devoted six years of hard work to the art, I know the meaning of karate, its positive aspects of physical and mental training and its limitations. I find it difficult to convey to laymen the true meaning of the martial arts and what they can and cannot do. It's also very difficult to differentiate between true, dedicated karate instructors and schools and unqualified ones. Your article *Dangerous Delusion* (Oct. 18) does this better than any other I have seen on the subject. From now on, I'll refer my friends with questions about the martial arts to your straightforward piece. Thanks for what I consider a real public service.

DAVID SIEGEL
Pittsburgh

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020

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Salem
How come I enjoy smoking and you don't?
It's got to be my cigarette. Salem gives me great taste. And enough fresh menthol to keep things interesting. You'd enjoy smoking, too, if you smoked Salem.
Salem.
Warning - The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

Authentic.

Another gold medal won at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904.

Son Tommy Dewar took a booth at the 1885 Brewer's Show in London, to find new markets for his father's blend. He used a bagpipe to entertain. (The first commercial use of music?)

Won at International Expositions held throughout the world for over 40 years.

Instead of shocking the single whiskies by dumping them all together at once, we let them rest quietly. Only then do we bring them together. Result? Greater uniformity and more dependable consistency to the blends. That's why Dewar's never varies.

Sir Thomas Dewar became famous for his terse comments, among them, "Do right and fear no man, don't write and fear no woman."

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label." Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, Perth, Scotland.

The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the Banks of the River Tay. Nothing much has changed. The castle is still there. And every year from January to December when the air is chill and pure and the water is cold, the people of Perth make Dewar's "White Label."

Dewar's never varies.

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The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland